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Dr. MUDD'S ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE FROM DRY TORTUGAS.

When Dr. Mudd, one of the conspirators to assassinate President Lincoln, was carried to the Dry Tortugas, he gave the Government officers due notice that he should escape if possible. He was allowed great liberties, and on the 25th ult. he made an attempt to escape by concealing himself in a cannon on the steamer *Thomas A. Scott*, which was lying at the wharf, waiting for the embarkation of the One Hundred and Sixty-first New York Volunteers. Information was immediately given, and after a careful search Lieutenant Arthur G. Tappan discovered the Doctor in the position indicated by our artist, who was one of the passengers on the steamer *Scott*.

LIEUT. TAPPAN DISCOVERING DR. MUDD IN THE HOLD OF THE STEAMER "THOMAS A. SCOTT."
[Sketched by a Passenger on board the "Scott."]

THE WIRZ TRIAL.

We give on this page an illustration of the Wirz trial going on at Washington, which portrays a more recent phase of the trial than a former engraving printed in the *Week'y* relating to that subject. As our readers know, Captain Wirz has during the progress of the trial become quite ill, so that on some days the Commission were under the necessity of adjourning; and when he has been well enough to be present, his indisposition has compelled him to recline on a lounge. "Captain Wirz," says our artist, "keeps in the position represented in the sketch all day long, excepting when he clutches his bottle of stimulants, or when he is led to his cell by the officer of the guard."

The case for the prosecution has been closed, and the case for the defense is progressing very slowly indeed. The facts which have been sworn to by the witnesses for the prosecution can not be disputed; the only question to be settled is one regarding Wirz's responsibility for his diabolical acts. In any case, a stain rests upon the military record of the late rebellion which neither tears nor repentance can quite wash out. Andersonville forms an important chapter in the history of the war.

AMERICAN UNION COMMISSION.

We publish an engraving on page 661. illustrating the celebration of the last Fourth of July at Richmond by the American Union Commission. The tent of the Commission was spread upon the park surrounding the State buildings. It was a great day for the colored population of the city of Richmond, who had never had an Independence Day before.

The American Union Commission is the continuation, in some sort, of the Christian Commission, and is an organization entirely independent of the Freedmen's Bureau or the Freedmen's Society. Its purpose is to aid and co-operate with the people in those portions of the South which have been desolated and impoverished by the war, in the restoration of their civil and social condition upon the basis of industry, education, freedom, and Christian morality. In the prosecution of this purpose it contemplates the relief of poverty and distress, the encouragement of a healthful emigration, and of a patriotic devotion to the Union.

The Commission recognizes no distinctions of caste or color. It includes leading men of all denominations in its organization. It embraces Commissions organized in the cities of New York, Boston, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, Nashville, Richmond, and other points united in one national board. It has the sanction of the National Government, and receives transportation and other facilities from the War Department.

The labors of the Commission at Richmond alone may be stated as follows: ninety thousand rations of flour have been distributed, seventy-five thousand rations of soup, eight thousand papers of garden seeds, and one hundred and fifty farming implements. Besides these, many delicacies have been given to the sick, for whom has been procured also careful medical attendance. Two hundred and fifty children have been supplied with school instruction, and thousands of books and papers have been gratuitously distributed. At other points in the South the Commission can show a record which will commend it to every philanthropist.

TRIAL OF CAPTAIN WIRZ, THE ANDERSONVILLE JAILER, IN THE COURT OF CLAIMS, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[Sketched by Jos. Hanshew.]

POOR HUMANITY.

In purple robe and jeweled crown
The great king sits in regal state,
And if he smile or if he frown
A hundred noble lords who wait
Bow at his throne; yet what is he,
In spite of royal robe or crown,
In spite of kingly smile or frown,
But part of poor humanity!

Outside the palace gate there stands
A beggar, with a face of woe,
Who, clad in rags, with outstretched hands,
Asks alms of those that come and go—
A brother of the king is he,
A common Father both may claim,
That God our weak lips may not name,
Who pities poor humanity.

See in the careless crowds that pass
Along the city's busy street,
The rich and poor; there, too, alas!
Bold shame and modest virtue meet;
Brothers and sisters all are we,
Whatever is our worldly lot,
It matters not by whom begot—
A part of poor humanity!

The rich man sipping costly wine,
Whate'er the foolish worldling thinks,
Is linked with him who from the vine
Crushes the juice the other drinks—
Though nursed in easy luxury, he
May scorn the laborer in his heart,
Forgetful that each forms a part
Of that poor thing humanity!

Up yonder crazy stairs dwells one
Who toils through all the livelong day,
Toils till her weary work is done
To drive the famished wolf away—
A sister, wan and pale, is she,
To her, that other, young and fair,
Who rides behind yon stylish pair,
A part of poor humanity!

Great Heaven, look kindly from above
On us the children of Thy care,
And fill our selfish hearts with love,
Be ever this our earnest prayer—
Oh give us grace that we may see
The faults that every virtue mar,
And strength to bear the ills that are
The lot of poor humanity!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 21, 1865.

STATE OF FEELING AT THE SOUTH.

That the people of the United States may decide wisely whether the exclusive control of the late rebel States may be immediately and safely surrendered to the late rebel population of those States, it is essential to know the prevailing sentiment of that population. This can not be too constantly and widely spread before the country. Let us look at it a little.

In Mississippi an unpardoned rebel, General Humphreys, has just been elected Governor by the "Union" voters, and Governor Sharkey loses his popularity and his chance of election to the Senate, because he favors giving the colored population the right to testify, and local candidates for the Legislature have been defeated upon the same ground. Of the general feeling in the State of Mississippi General Slocum's order of August 24 very fully informs us. On that date he thought it extremely dangerous to the public peace to allow the arming of the lately rebel citizens as militia. They are, however, arming, and they refuse to organize under the United States flag. Meanwhile the state of things described by General Slocum continues. The colored people are daily murdered and Union men maltreated, and nobody is punished or arrested.

In Louisiana the Democratic Convention resolves that the Government was made exclusively for white men, that rebels ought to be paid for their emancipated slaves, and that there should be a general amnesty and repeal of confiscation laws. It is not surprising, therefore, as we are told by a gentleman from Louisiana, who is neither "a radical" nor "a Jacobin," that the continuance of the national hold upon that State is absolutely essential to the public peace and personal safety of Union men. His statement is confirmed by the letter of a prominent citizen of New Orleans to a Western paper, that "no Union man, that is to say, no man approving the war for the salvation of the country is safe in this State."

From Georgia our private information is of the same kind. "Withdraw your troops," said in our office within a few days the editor of a Union paper in that State, a man faithful through the war, "and we white Union men will swing within the next hour." Another Georgian informs us that he has been twice shot at for his known Unionism.

In Alabama the reorganizing Convention refuses to submit the new Constitution for the approval of the people; and from a total population of 964,000 excludes 487,000 from any computation in the basis of representation.

In South Carolina the ordinance of secession is simply repealed, leaving it lawful to renew it when the State chooses, and out of a total population of 730,000 there are 412,000 excluded from computation in the basis of representation.

From Alabama a correspondent in Mobile, a native and life-long resident of the city, writes us:

"I know well who the few loyal men were here during the war, and how bitterly and relentlessly they were persecuted by the citizens and military—especially by the Provost Marshals, Major W. H. Ketchum and H. G. Humphreys. The secessionists now cry, 'Let us bury the past!' They send on delegates to Washington, and are received with favor; the leading men are coming back daily with their pardons—get very indignant with the military—request the President to order it from the country, and let the people govern themselves, and are preparing to commence their reign of terror once more. The reports about loyalty here are all humbug; I have only heard of two really loyal meetings in the State—one at Decatur, Alabama, on the 3d June; and one at this city on 6th June......The various offices here, even under the General Government, are full of bitter rebels, and they openly boast of their Confederate proclivities. If you attempt to sing any of the national airs you are shunned. Very few of the steamboats will carry the flag; the ladies will not walk under the head-quarters flag, but leave the sidewalk and walk in the street. In the street cars loyal men are openly denounced, which makes it very unpleasant for their families. In fact, the criterion the Mobilians use in judging any one is—What did he do in the Confederate cause? and those who did most are the most thought of. The newspapers boldly say that those who did not go 'heart and soul' into the war should not be trusted in office now. This accounts for such men as C. C. Langdon being elected to the State Convention. Mr. L. made a celebrated 'Black Flag' speech in this city a few days before Spanish Fort was taken. The papers here refuse to publish any article showing up the disgraceful conduct of the rebel leaders here during the past four years. When the *Daily News* started here it contained loyal articles, but the editor soon saw that such a course would never do for a Mobile paper, and has lately been publishing such articles that Major-General K. Garrard threatened to suppress his paper. Unfortunately General Garrard was ordered away from this post, and the authorities now seem to *encourage* rather than rebuke such sentiments. You have no idea of the tyranny that has existed here. Every male from seventeen to fifty years old was permanently enrolled in the army, and on the slightest emergency *every body who could carry arms* was forced into the trenches or to do guard duty in the city."

It is into such hands that General Slocum and the Democratic party are anxious that the Government of the United States should, within thirty days, resign the authority it now holds in the late rebel States. It seems to us that General Slocum and his new recruits have very little respect for the common-sense of the American people.

GENERAL SLOCUM AT VICKSBURG AND SYRACUSE.

On the 24th of August of this year General Slocum issued an elaborate order in the State of Mississippi, of which he was military commander. Governor Sharkey had invited the young men of the State to form militia companies, and the order of General Slocum countermanded it. In his speech the General says that he merely obeyed a command of the War Department. But he forgets that the very terms of his elaborate order show that it was not a "mere" obedience to superior commands; it was an elaborate and hearty and conclusive statement of reasons why such a course was unwise and perilous.

General Slocum says that those whom Governor Sharkey invited to arm are "that class of men who have as yet scarcely laid down the arms with which they have been opposing our Government." He adds:

"To permit the young men who have so distinguished themselves to be armed and organized independently of United States military officers on duty here, and to allow them to operate in counties now garrisoned by colored troops, filled, as many of these men are, not only with prejudice against those troops, and against the execution of orders relative to freedmen, but even against our government itself, would bring about a collision at once, and increase in a tenfold degree the difficulties that now beset the people."

That there may be no misapprehension as to the exact condition of affairs in the State, of which as military commander he was thoroughly informed, General Slocum continues:

"It is a remarkable fact that most of the outrages have been committed against Northern men, government couriers, and *colored people*. Southern citizens have been halted by these outlaws, but at once released and informed that they have been stopped by mistake; and these citizens have refused to give information as to the parties by whom they were halted, although frankly acknowledging that they knew them."

The General then says that Governor Sharkey agrees that "*the people are unwilling to give information to the United States military authorities which will lead to the detection of these outlaws.*" Yet the Governor wished to arm those very people. General Slocum thereupon says: "A better plan will be to *disarm* all such citizens, and make it for their interest to aid those who have been sent here to restore order and preserve peace."

Here is a vivid and warning picture of the condition of affairs in the State of Mississippi, both as regards the spirit of the population and their treatment of the colored men who were the only considerable body of Unionists in the State. No correspondent has made or could make so strong an argument for the necessity of the maintenance of the United States armed authority in that Department. Has that condition changed suddenly within six weeks? Because the Convention has met does any body imagine that the population are better affected toward the National Government? Yet on the 2d of October General Slocum, having in the mean time resigned his commission as an officer of the United States and become Horatio Seymour's candidate for Secretary of State in New York, says in Syracuse:

"I most heartily approve the removal of the troops from that State [of Mississippi], and I most earnestly hope that within thirty days every soldier now on duty there will be mustered out of service, and that all attempts to interfere with her local affairs will cease. Now that the State has adopted a constitution which does not recognise slavery, I would confide to her the settlement of all questions likely to arise as to the means of supporting and controlling the freedmen."

Why is General Slocum ready on the 2d of October to do what on the 24th of August he solemnly said "would bring about a collision at once, and increase in a tenfold degree the difficulties that now beset the people?" Why is he willing to wink at outrages "against Northern men, Government couriers, and colored people?"

The reason is plain and painful. It is because General Slocum is now the candidate of John A. Green, of the New York *Daily News*, of every haughty unrepentant rebel in the unorganized States, and of every one of those people whom he denounced as "outlaws" and "villains" on the 24th of August.

These are the men who built and supported the Chicago platform last year. They cried out for surrender to this rebellious spirit then. They demand the same surrender now. Do the people of New York trust this spirit and these men any more this year than the last? Does it occur to General Slocum that he invites a doubt whether his patriotism is not mastered by his political ambition, when he deserts the Union men who shared his fidelity during the war and joins a party which seeks to put the late rebel States entirely into the hands of those whom he would not permit to be armed because he did not believe them to be truly loyal?

STALE SMALL BEER.

In the report of a speech made a few days since in Albany by Mr. John Van Buren we find this sentence: "By the unjust war waged against the State Governments the South has been overthrown and slavery abolished."

Mr. Van Buren steals his thunder. The Democratic Peace Convention at Syracuse in August, 1864, in the same spirit called it "a bloody and relentless war for the avowed purpose of exterminating eight millions of freemen from the homes of their fathers."

The Ashland *Union*, a Democratic paper in Ohio, expressed Mr. Van Buren's sentiment more vigorously: "This is a damned Abolition war. We believe Abe Lincoln is as much of a traitor as Jeff Davis."

In the same speech Mr. Van Buren asked: "What have the Northern and Eastern politicians of the Republican and Seward stripe been doing for the last ten or fifteen years but interfering with the administration of the institutions of the South?"

This, too, is an ancient strain. Two years ago last March Mr. George W. Peck uttered Mr. Van Buren's sentiments more pungently: "You black Republicans begin this war. You have carried it on for two years. You have sent your hell-hounds down South to devastate the country, and what have you done? You have not conquered the South; you never can conquer it."

So Mr. Van Buren's worthy co-laborer in the defamation of the loyal masses of the country, Mr. Henry Clay Dean, said at Chicago in ratifying Mr. Van Buren's platform and candidate for the Presidency: "Ever since the usurper, traitor, and tyrant had occupied the Presidential chair the Republican party had shouted war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt."

The Albany *Argus* denounced the first call of the President for 75,000 men as a "usurpation."

Mr. John Van Buren's friend, Horatio Seymour, for whose election, in 1862, Mr. Van Buren worked so zealously, said in February of the previous year: "No one is mad enough to propose an invasion of the Southern country." He added that the war would "prove ruinous to the North and develop the resources of the South."

Mr. Van Buren rehashes these stale Copperhead sneers and furies for service in the present campaign of the Democratic party. They are merely foolish now. But when they were fresh and threatening, and Mr. John Van Buren was trying to persuade the country to submit to destruction and let the wayward sisters go, Andrew Johnson said in the Senate of the United States, not that the war was "unjust," not that politicians of "the Seward stripe" were responsible for it, but, "When we look all around, we see how the Governors of the different States have been involved in this conspiracy—the most stupendous and gigantic conspiracy that was ever formed, and as corrupt and as foul as that attempted by Catiline in the days of Rome. We know it to be so...... The time has arrived when we should show to the nations of the earth that we are a nation capable of preserving our existence, and give them evidence that we will do it......If for the prosecution of this war in behalf of the Government and the Constitution it is necessary to cleanse and purify the banner, I say let it be baptized in fire from the sun and bathed in a nation's blood."

The ring of gold is very different from that of copper.

RIGHTS OF STATES AND OF THE UNITED STATES.

The "sacred rights of States" are constantly pleaded by those who have steadily excused the rebellion and denounced the Government, as if any State where rebellion has been suppressed by force of arms had any rights whatever but such as the National Government chooses to recognize. It is upon this principle that the President proceeds in appointing provisional Governors and directing a form of State government to be submitted to Congress for its approval.

This principle is recognized by many of the most recalcitrant of the late rebels. Thus the Richmond *Times*, speaking of the resolutions of '98 and of Madison and Jefferson, says:

"In the present condition of their native State they would have recognized that 'necessity knows no law.' They would agree with us that in times like these there is no royal, time-honored road to reconstruction, nicely macadamized, fenced in and mapped off in accordance with a set of principles and resolutions intended for the management of the machine of civil government, when moving on the regular old constitutional track."

And even the New York *Herald*, which has no opinions or convictions, but which merely echoes the current sentiment of the street, can not escape the inevitable truth, and is obliged to say:

"The members of all these reconstructing Conventions and Legislatures should remember that their work is experimental, not conclusive; that the President's instructions and wishes upon the business before them are the only existing laws for their guidance; that the war has invested him with the authority which he exercises."

That is the principle upon which Congress will settle the question of reorganization. It will not be the sacred rights of rebels and rebellious States, but of loyal men and the Union, which will determine the matter. In the present circumstances of the country there is no right in a late rebel State which can control the action of the nation.

PUNCHING COPPER HEADS.

Senator Wilson is probably as good an authority for what are called the "radical" administration men as Mr. John Van Buren or the Copperhead newspapers. The latter are chuckling over their prophecy of a division in the Union ranks. They are full of hope that some Union men are going to desert to the ranks of Horatio Seymour and John A. Green, and force the President into the hands of those who prayed God to have mercy upon the nation when Andrew Johnson came into power. Senator Wilson is of a different opinion. "There will be no trouble," he says, "between us and the President."

The Democratic brethren are very loud in their professions of support of the President's policy. But, says Senator Wilson, the Emancipation Amendment is the great corner-stone of his policy. He insists absolutely upon that. The twenty-two States that voted for Mr. Johnson support it. The three that voted, under the Democratic lead, for General M'Clellan are against it. If New Jersey is carried by the Union men, she will be for it. If she is swamped by the Democracy, she will repudiate it. Is this supporting the President's policy? The Senator dares them to come out frankly and squarely for this first specific measure of the President's policy.

The Senator also reminds us that this Democratic dodge of wearing a mask of friendship for the President, whom the party leaders have steadily ridiculed and denounced, does not deceive the people. In Maine the Democratic party resolved to support the President, and were beaten by 7000 majority more than last year when they abused him. "Here in New York," he says, "these men who were on the Chicago platform last year and are off it now are indorsing the President. Well, they are coming along, and still follow us as they have done for ten years." He then extinguishes the luckless wayward sister Van Buren as follows:

"John Van Buren, my old Free Soil friend, nominated the other night our President, and I felt a little sorry for him, because a few years since he first trotted out M'Clellan. I don't know that Mr. Van Buren is entitled by ability or character to talk as he did, for I remember that he was a member of a little Free Soil party of 300,000, of which I was the mover, and I remember that such men as Chase and Adams and Sumner thought that something might be made of John; but he went off after strange gods, and what is his record to-day? Those whom he left have met and coped with and defeated the leaders of the black cohorts of slavery, and have associated their names with great deeds and great events, while he has made no record; and if he dies to-day he makes no sign. I commend him to a prudent reserve of such utterances."

The Union party has all the prestige of principle, purpose, and success. The questions upon which they united are not settled, and they will settle them, as they have already set-

tled the Democratic party which has existed for no other purpose for twenty years than to protect slavery, and which now sees slavery swept away under the administration of a man whom the Democrats slandered with witless fury, and who marches on with the great party which supported him and ABRAHAM LINCOLN and the war to heal all wounds and plant the American Union upon the eternal rock of Liberty and Law.

THE GOLD ROOM.

IT looks as though the new Gold Room would after all have something to do. For some weeks after the gold brokers moved into their new home the price was so steady, that speculators became disgusted with buying for the rise and selling for the fall, and brokers' commissions fell off at a rate that was alarming. Within the past week, however, thanks to the agreeable fictions of the hangers on of the Treasury Department about the receipts from internal revenue—which deceive no one, and alarm a great many; to the development of the fact that the Government owes $115,000,000 payable on demand, which of course sets at rest the theory of immediately funding any substantial portion of the currency; and to the condition of our foreign trade, which renders large specie exports inevitable at no distant day—a new speculation in gold has been started, and now bids fair to become pretty lively, with the usual fluctuations, up and down. It is not on the cards, however, that the new room will ever emulate the glories of its predecessors.

When specie payments were first suspended, dealings in gold were confined to the regular Stock Exchange. Considerable amounts were bought and sold at the morning and evening calls, and there was no other mart where large operations in specie could be made. Unfortunately for the Stock Exchange, it was persuaded one day to pass resolutions prohibiting time operations in gold. The design was loyal; the act silly in the extreme. Stock brokers could no more prevent fluctuations in gold, and speculations based on those fluctuations, than they could prevent the ebb and flow of the tide by passing resolutions that they would disregard them.

A certain class of persons, speculators in gold and exchange brokers, began to meet in Gilpin's Rooms, on the corner of William Street and Exchange Place, and to deal in gold there, as they had for a year or more been used to deal in exchange. GILPIN kept a news room: a few dozen papers were on file, and a dirty, dingy room adjacent, with a low ceiling, offered a local habitation to gold gamblers. GILPIN charged $25 a year for admission to his rooms, and for that sum any rogue could enter. In two or three months his rooms became the centre and focus of the gold trade. First scores, then hundreds, then thousands of men subscribed their $25 apiece, and enjoyed the privileges of the rooms. All the gold business of the United States was done there during the terrible times of the war, when gold rose from par to 285. It was a vile place, and brokers who dealt there earned their money. Not only was the air mephitic, and the throng so dense that men of weak constitution occasionally fainted and were carried out; but every applicant being admitted, it was utterly unsafe to bid or to offer gold, as you might be taken up by a man who was notoriously insolvent, and yet whose acceptance of your bid or offer might possibly be binding on you in law. Notwithstanding these drawbacks a business of many millions a day was done in Gilpin's Rooms throughout 1863 and 1864. Immense fortunes were made there. Poor men became rich, and rich men became poor. Most of the frequenters of the room were Bulls, and made money during the long agony of the nation, and while Congress, under the advice of Mr. STEVENS, was stultifying itself by trying to restrict the traffic in gold.

But the difficulty with Gilpin's Rooms was, that there was no means of enforcing contracts or preventing defaulters from dealing there. To remedy this an organization was formed, called the Gold Room, under laws similar to those of the Stock Exchange and Open Board of Stock-brokers, and a room was hired on the corner of William and Beaver streets. Gold dealers and their brokers went into this room some time last year. It was at one time a notable institution. Its frequenters constituted three classes: members, who were admitted on payment of $1000 entrance fee, if they underwent the ordeal of a vote by secret ballot; associates, who paid $500 entrance fee, and could not themselves buy or sell, though they enjoyed the other privileges of the room; and visitors, who paid $100 a year for the satisfaction of watching from a narrow gallery the fluctuations in the precious metal. It was in this room that gold fell from 250 to 127. During the decline the throng inside the room and around it, in Beaver Street, was at times so dense that a strong squad of police was often in requisition to keep the street open and prevent the Gold Room door from being hermetically sealed. Men used to take their stand on the sidewalk opposite this room as early as nine o'clock, though the doors did not open till ten. These outsiders were generally German Jews. A few Englishmen and Frenchmen were among them, and a very few Americans; but nine-tenths of the crowd spoke German, and were unmistakable children of Israel. The Americans were generally Southerners and Bulls. A Charleston clergyman — a perfect gentleman in manner—was a leading character among them. LEE'S surrender squelched them out; they haven't been heard of since.

Last spring the gold brokers felt the necessity of moving to Broad Street, and being rich —as an organization—they had a room built for them between Broad and New streets, with an entrance at 14 Broad. It is a fine room, with a lofty ceiling, and more space than the gold dealers will ever require. People who are familiar with the din and turmoil of the old room on the corner of Beaver and William streets are struck with the quiet of the new Gold Room. The ceiling is so lofty and the room so spacious that there is no reverberation of sound; the volume of business, besides, has been greatly reduced of late. Still, within the last week fully ten millions of gold have been sold and bought every morning in that great room, and on some days very much larger amounts have changed hands. There will come a day when gold will fall to the neighborhood of par; when that happens the new Gold Room may possibly be almost as noisy and as active as the old one.

For some weeks the Government has been the great seller of gold in this market. For days together $500,000 gold have been disposed of by the Government brokers every morning. Whether the Government acts wisely in selling gold secretly through brokers, who do not give up their principal, is a question which has given rise to considerable discussion; and, on the whole, the prevailing impression among sound men, who are likewise loyal, is, that an auction sale of the Government gold, conducted under official auspices, and with a specification of the amount to be sold, would be more satisfactory to the public and more profitable to Government. Just now the question is of little moment. People stand ready to buy all the gold Government will sell, and the lower they can buy it the better will they be pleased.

In England the Government broker is well known. When a panic occurs he appears in the market and buys consols for the Sinking Fund, or some other Department of Government which requires Government funds. But there is no secrecy about what he does. Here no one can tell whether Mr. M'CULLOCH is or is not selling gold—or, if he be a seller, how much he has got to sell. Of course there never has been any ground for the accusations which have been preferred in certain quarters respecting the alleged complicity of Secretaries CHASE, FESSENDEN, and M'CULLOCH with speculators in Wall Street. But if the sales of Government gold were calculated—as is not the case at present—to affect the price of the metal, it would become very desirable indeed that, in the present infirm condition of human nature, the knowledge of those sales should not be confined to a few persons, who by reason thereof would enjoy an opportunity of making fortunes.

IS THE ASS A LION?

THE New York *World* informs the American people that the Democratic party carried on the war and saved the Union. "The Democrats of America," says this pleasing journal, fresh from describing President JOHNSON as a boor, an illiterate tailor, and a drunkard, "persistently, patiently, and at last, through the mercy of Heaven, victoriously persevered in their one clear, narrow path of loyalty to the Union."

Truth is always simple. On the 17th of December, 1863, the Hon. GREEN CLAY SMITH, of Kentucky, introduced the following resolution into the House of Representatives: "That we hold it to be the duty of Congress to pass all necessary bills to supply men and money, and the duty of the people to render every aid in their power to the constituted authorities of the Government in the crushing out of the rebellion and in bringing the leaders thereof to condign punishment." On this plain test question in a full house the vote on the Democratic side was *three yeas* to *sixty-five nays*. In the next August the National Convention of the same party called the war a failure, and demanded an immediate cessation of hostilities.

Such was the way in which the Democratic party "persistently and patiently and victoriously persevered" in the war.

COMPLIMENTING "OVER THE LEFT."

THE party of the "proud record" went last year to Chicago and resolved that the war was a failure, and that the public welfare demanded an immediate cessation of hostilities. Upon this ignoble platform they placed General M'CLELLAN. At the election the loyal American people contemptuously spurned the false and unmanly declaration, the party that made it, and the candidate that represented it. This year Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN, who longed to let "the wayward sisters go," asks the same party "Who shall be our next candidate for the Presidency?" He answers his own question by saying: "The Democrats, if they had their own way, would, on an ordinary occasion, be disposed to support General M'CLELLAN." But as that personification of "wisdom and ability" is no longer available, the ingenious orator suggests that the Chicago gentry must make the best of a bad case, and—since they can't have their own way—nominate ANDREW JOHNSON! Why not GEORGE H. PENDLETON? What has he done?

We doubt if the President is flattered by this left-handed compliment. He knows that however essential to their present purpose the Chicago party find it to ingratiate themselves with ANDREW JOHNSON, the man of all men they would select, "if they had their own way," would be that model patriot, ROBERT E. LEE.

TWO QUESTIONS.

THE New York *World* says that "the question for voters is, whether those who approve of the policy of the President are likely to aid it by upholding the Republican party." The question for the President is, whether the lasting peace of the country is likely to be restored by the party which tried to defeat his election by supporting GEORGE H. PENDLETON, who declared that if VALLANDIGHAM'S plan for cutting up the Union into four parts failed, "separation must be the finality," and if you can not conciliate, "let the seceding States depart in peace."

PROPERTY IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

PROPERTY in this city is already too extravagant a luxury for any body but a millionaire. The very worst investment that a man can make is in city bonds and mortgages. The rats of the City Hall, of which we lately spoke, have sharpened their teeth anew, and woe to the man who, after toiling hard all his life, and piling up a little fortune, dies leaving it to his wife and children, thinking they are well provided for. It is the rats of the City Hall who are provided for. It is the rats of the City Hall for whom he has been spending his strength and life. It is the rats of the City Hall who, when he is in his grave, will consume all he has amassed, and eat his wife and children out of doors.

There are many persons who think there is too loud a cry about civic reform, and suppose that every body who denounces the mad taxation of this city has some private axe to grind. But let such persons look at a few facts, and if they are intending to invest in this city they may pause a little to reflect whether they had not better wait until the rats have been expelled.

We know, for instance, this case: An industrious man worked hard all his life, and died, leaving his widow and five tender children $100,000, invested in bonds and mortgages in the city and county of New York, bearing six per cent. interest, that is—$6000 per annum. Here was a snug and pleasant provision for the bereaved family. Poor widow! Poor children! The rats were already after their bread and butter.

The city and county taxes on this amount of personal property, at the rate of $2\frac{99}{100}$ per cent., which is the rate for the year 1865, are $2990, leaving $3010 as the income. The United States income tax upon this sum, at 5 per cent., is $150 50, leaving $2859 50 as the net income for the widow and five young children of a man who died leaving them $100,000.

Your city and county investments, subject to the teeth of the rats, will thus give your family less than three per cent. interest. Is it extraordinary that decent men who work hard to leave their children comfortable wish to see some little change in this system? If such men are to be taxed at the rate of three per cent. upon their capital, may they not at least expect dead cats and horses to be removed from the streets of a city toward which the cholera is hastening? And when these very rats of the City Hall, who relentlessly consume the substance of honest widows and children, go to Albany Conventions and elsewhere, and declaim against the iniquity and tyranny of the national taxes to pay soldiers and sailors and patriotic men, who during a terrible war freely lent to the Government as much of their property as the rats left them, is there an honest man in the city who does not see that it is the worshipful company of burglars who are crying stop thief?

If a man wishes to invest his money, let him trust the sincerity of the United States and beware the City Hall rats of the city and county of New York.

A WORD TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

IT is a painful truth that the tidiest housekeeper will often find the fair white walls or the pretty paper of her chambers soiled and spoiled, and her house endangered by the vile habit of scratching matches to light the gas, and throwing the half-burned match away. The reason is that the usual gaslighter is too cumbrous, and no other neat and "handy" substitute had been hitherto found. But the "Halidon Gaslighter" supplies this universal want. It is a convenient rod of wax about two or three feet long, of the thickness of a large wire, which can be carried from room to room without dripping, without soiling the fingers, and without smell, and one lighter is quite sufficient for all the fixtures in the house. They can be had of MITCHELL, VANCE, & Co., 620 Broadway; ARCHER & PANCOAST, 9 Mercer Street; FELLOWS & HOFFMAN, 74 Beekman Street, New York; of CORNELIUS & BAKER, 821 Cherry Street, Philadelphia; and probably at all the principal Gas Fixture shops in the other cities.

We cordially commend them to all thrifty housekeepers as a most valuable invention.

LITERARY.

"Prison Life at the South during the Years 1864-'5," by A. O. ABBOTT, Lieutenant First New York Dragoons. (HARPER & BROTHERS.) In this timely, graphic, and painfully interesting record of personal experience in the rebel prisons at Richmond, Macon, Savannah, Columbia, Charlotte, Raleigh, Goldsborough, and Andersonville, the cruelty of the rebellion in the treatment of Union prisoners is portrayed with all the simplicity of truth. It is a revelation both of the spirit of the late rebels and of the unswerving fidelity of the white and colored patriots of the South to the Union and its soldiers which every man should seriously ponder now when it is gravely proposed to intrust the welfare and the rights of our friends in those States exclusively to the mercies of the bitterest enemies of the Government and its fundamental principle of equal rights.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

THE Democratic State Convention of Louisiana which met on the 3d, nominated Mr. J. M. Wells, the present incumbent, for Governor; indorsed President Johnson's reconstruction policy; proclaimed ours exclusively a white man's Government, and appealed to the national Government for universal amnesty, prompt restoration to rebels of property and all the privileges of citizenship, and compensation for slaves freed by the emancipation proclamation.

The election for Governor in Mississippi has resulted in the choice of B. G. Humphreys, lately a rebel general.

On the 6th of October the North Carolina Convention passed the following unanimous vote:

"That the ordinance of the Convention of the State of North Carolina, ratified on the 21st day of November, 1789, which adopted and ratified the Constitution of the United States, and also all acts and parts of acts of the General Assembly ratifying and adopting amendments to the said Constitution, are now, and at all times since the adoption and ratification thereof have been, in full force and effect notwithstanding the supposed ordinance of the 20th of May, 1861, declaring the same to be repealed, rescinded, and abrogated; and the said supposed ordinance is now, and at all times hath been, null and void."

The ordinance abolishing slavery was passed on the 7th. The election for Governor will be held November 9.

On the 7th contracts were awarded for six important mail routes in Southern Arkansas and Louisiana.

The State militia of South Carolina are rapidly organizing.

The election for delegates to the Georgia Convention took place on the 4th.

The election for members of Congress in Arkansas took place on the 9th.

NEWS ITEMS.

On the 2d General Robert E. Lee was installed President of Washington College, Virginia.

The Judge-Advocate, Colonel Chipman, has refused to admit the testimony of the rebel Generals Lee and Johnston in the Wirz trial, on the ground that they were conspirators with Wirz.

Colonel Jaquess, one of the famous volunteer peace commissioners to Jeff Davis, has been arrested in Louisville, Kentucky (whither he had been ordered to attend to the breaking up of negro camps), for procuring an abortion upon a woman who subsequently died. A Louisville paper says, "The whole party were arrested in *flagrante delicto*, and are now in jail, the coroner's inquest having amply confirmed all the suspicions that led to the interference of the police."

The Secretary of the navy has forbidden the officers of the Department to collect subsidies in order to help carry the election.

On the 8th a severe earthquake took place in San Francisco, which shook the whole city, demolished some buildings, and left their marks in cracked walls and broken ceilings on half of the structures in the city. A number of persons were injured, both by falling walls and the crowding to get out of the churches consequent upon the terror excited. The oscillation of the earth was sufficient to cause a bell in a tower to ring, and to leave fissures in the ground in some places two or three inches wide. The shocks were equally severe at various other towns in the interior of the State.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Fenians continue to be arrested, and important documentary evidence is accumulating against them. Mr. Barry, one of the Queen's Counsel, stated on the 30th ult. that within a fortnight three thousand five hundred pounds had arrived from America, to be expended in revolutionizing Ireland, and by that day's mail the Government had intercepted a letter for one of the prisoners, named Lapper, containing a draft for four hundred and fifteen pounds on the house of Rothschilds. Several other letters containing bills of exchange had been intercepted. The making of pikes had also been extensively carried on. One of the prisoners had made two thousand of these murderous weapons. Numerous revolvers and breast-plates had also been found in possession of the prisoners connected with the *Irish People* newspaper. He quoted an incendiary paragraph, urging the employment of force, from a number of that paper which was about to be issued when seized.

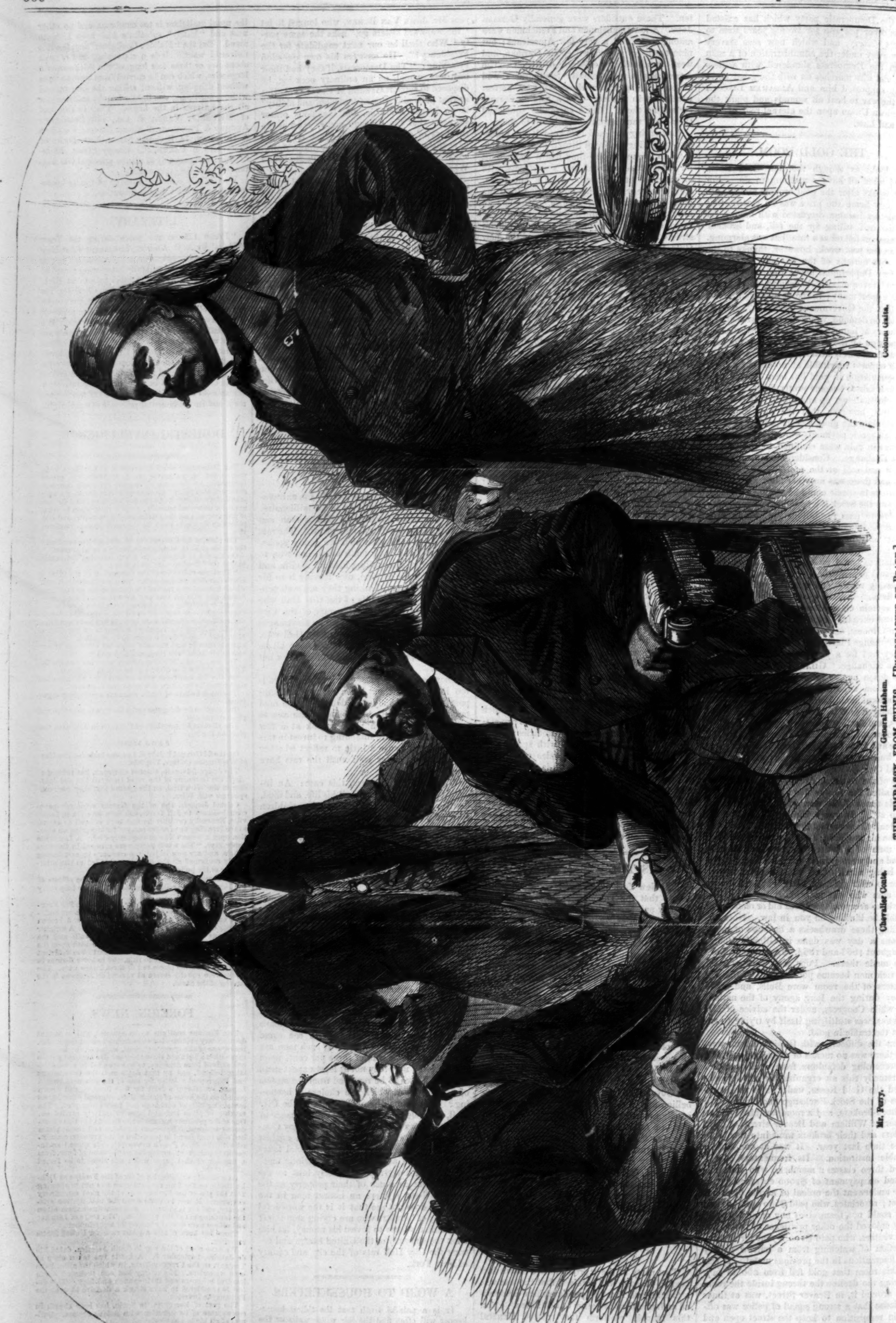
At a private examination of six of the Fenians at Dublin Castle on the 30th ult., evidence was put in showing that the plot of the Fenians was of the most sanguinary character. It was to write down the nobility, the aristocracy, and the land-owners, and assassinate them all on the breaking out of the rebellion. The Duke of Leinster and others were specially named for assassination.

There has been of late a great rush for United States securities.

We have news of the war in South America, dated Rio de Janeiro, September 8. A battle has taken place at Tantany, on the Uruguay River, in which the allies have been victorious. The enemy lost one thousand seven hundred prisoners and their cannon and flags. This defeat is considered to have struck a decisive blow at the Paraguayan invasion.

The port of Barcelona, in Spain, has been closed, in consequence of its infection with Asiatic cholera. Business of all kinds was suspended.

A private letter received from Constantinople states that the conflagration that broke out in that city on the 6th of September destroyed about ten thousand tenements, by which upward of forty thousand people are left without a roof to cover them.



Mr. Perry. Chevalier Conte. General Hashem. Colonel Gaita.

THE EMBASSY FROM TUNIS.—[Photographed by Brady.]

THE EMBASSY FROM TUNIS.

New York City is the world in miniature. In a recent number of *Fraser's Magazine* M. D. Conway thus writes of the metropolis:

"The city of New York is to-day the same great eddy of the mixed human elements of the whole world that it was when the Duke of York gave it its name. A vast impersonal floating city, rising and falling with the general tide of human life throughout the world, America is no more responsible for its good or its evil than any other country. It is a short and easy method of traveling around the world to take one's stand on Broadway: the world will pass by you if you stay long enough. In one day I have seen there Indians in their skins, paint, and feathers; Chinamen with their pigtails; Japanese, whose popularity there suggests how, with the help of a skillful *costumier* and some Oriental names, we might lift the whole negro population into princely regard. ('You know very well,' said a preacher, rebuking the prejudice against color, 'that an ape with one million a year would be welcome in your best society.') 'They all come here sooner or later,' said a New Yorker, with a patronizing glance at the Prince of Wales, when he was receiving his ovation there—'they all come here sooner or later, though sometimes we don't know it; for instance, there were Louis Napoleon and Prince Jerome, and there was Garibaldi, and one day they found a natural son of Frederick William of Prussia working here as a carpenter. Yes, Sir, I am looking for his Holiness the Pope every day!'"

At length, after waiting so long, we have seen Tunis. There arrived by the *Persia* at this port, on the 4th instant, a party of four gentlemen, of whom three were natives of Tunis, while the fourth was Mr. Perry, the American Consul at the Court of Tunis.

The gentlemen comprising the party—which proves to be an embassy from the Bey of Tunis to President Johnson—are General Otman Hashem, special envoy; Colonel Ramero Gaita, his aide-camp; the Chevalier Antoine Conte, secretary and interpreter, together with Mr. Perry, before referred to. We give portraits on page 660 of this party, and also one of the Bey of Tunis himself on this page.

The gentlemen composing this important embassy are not Africans, in the general acceptance of that term, though Tunis is situated on the African coast of the Mediterranean; they rather resemble the Moors or Turks. They are a fine-looking group of men, with well-developed *physique*, and divested of their costumes and set down in New Orleans they would be taken as remarkably fair representatives of the Creole race; and as they are men of refined manners and speak the French language fluently this illusion would only be heightened by conversation with them.

Mr. Perry, our Consul, who is acting as *chaperon* to the other members of the embassy, returns

THE BEY OF TUNIS.

to his native country after a three years' absence. He was from the State of Rhode Island, where he has many friends and influential acquaintances.

General Hashem is a man of about fifty years of age, and has a soldierly appearance. Colonel Gaita is a fine-looking man of about thirty. Chevalier Conte is the youngest of the party.

The Bey of Tunis is nominally under the jurisdiction of the Turkish Sultan, though he is virtually independent of the latter. Tunis itself contains about 72,000 square miles, and a population of little over two millions of souls. The soil is sandy, but for the most part remarkably fertile. The principal vegetable productions—wheat, maize, barley, olives, dates, and grapes—come to perfection with little care on the part of the cultivators. The principal cities besides the capital, Tunis, are Susa, Hamamet, Bizanta, Cabes and Bega. The State religion is Mohammedanism. The title of the Bey is hereditary. His revenue is derived from taxes and imports, and is estimated at more than four millions a year. His armed force amounts to fifty thousand men, while the navy is made up of a corvette, some smaller vessels, and about thirty-two gun-boats. The power is perfectly absolute; but, as at present exercised, it is far from being arbitrary. The city of Tunis is situated very near the site of Carthage, which gives it considerable interest to travelers.

The Embassy while here made a pretty complete tour of the city, visiting the objects of principal interest. On Friday, the 6th, they visited Brady's photographic gallery, where the photograph was taken from which our portraits are drawn. The portrait of the Bey is from a foreign photograph. At the New York Historical Society they found, especially in the Egyptian Department, many objects of great interest. Among the monuments was one in marble which had been forwarded to the Society by Mr. Perry. The embassadors visited Wall Street the same day, and in the evening they attended the American Institute Fair. The next day they paid a visit to the establishment of Harper & Brothers, where they were agreeably entertained by the many interesting and to them novel features of a large publishing house.

A. OAKEY HALL.

Abraham Oakey Hall, whose portrait we publish on page 669, is the District-Attorney of New York city, and has long been a notable jury lawyer, a skillful politician, and a versatile litterateur. Mr. Hall was first elected District-Attorney in 1854 by the Whigs, and again, successively, in 1861 and 1864, on the Democratic ticket. He was a Deputy District-Attorney four years prior to his first election, and has been, during the past fifteen years, engaged either upon the side of the prosecution or of the defense in nearly every metropolitan *cause célèbre*.

District-Attorney Hall is of an old Knickerbocker family, and graduated at the New York University, of which he is now a Councilman. He attended law lectures under Judge Story and Professor Greenleaf at the Harvard Law School, and is now a member of the law firm of Brown, Hall, and Vanderpoel. Mr. Hall may be considered a rising man, not only in law and politics but in literature. The pages of *Harper's Weekly* and *Harper's Monthly* have from time to time contained many sketches, verses, and novelettes from his pen. His holiday story, entitled "Old Whitey's Christmas Trot," was published in book form, illustrated, in 1857, by Harper Brothers. He is in his fortieth year, and is therefore yet young enough to earn a more than metropolitan fame.

TENT OF THE AMERICAN UNION COMMISSION, CAPITOL SQUARE, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, July 4, 1865.—[See First Page.]

ADVICE GRATIS.

Do you mean what you say—did I hear aright?
Were you in earnest, or in sport?
In love with a Poet? Are you quite
At odds with sanity, to assert
That you—with beauty, and wit, and grace,
Instead of the station these might buy,
Have smilingly set your feet and face
Toward paths where such low choosings lie?

A poet—a maker of verses? One
Who daily coins, for his daily bread,
The blood of his heart in rhymes that run
His brain to fever with fear and dread
Lest that he mar, in speaking it,
The tone of the Voice that came to him
Somewhere out of the Infinite,
Somewhere out of the vast and dim.

You need not answer: I know your thought.
You tell me that since there must be those
Whose lips, like the throats of birds, are wrought
Chiefly for music, it follows close
That God—attuning them to such pitch,
Accepts their songs for service—thus
Making our sneers at a soul on which
He has laid His pressure perilous.

And this in a sense is true; but this
Is also mystical; we should take
The world in the gross: we must not miss
Of ease and elegance for the sake
Of dreams and dreamers. And I opine
It would strike fresh heat in your poet's verse
If you dropped some aloes into his wine—
They write supremely under a curse.

Will that Invisible Truth of things,
Which shines on your minstrel, compensate
The lack of the visible comfortings,
The tangible gifts and goods that wait
On stocks and dividends? Which is best—
These vagabond inspirations, or
Hard cash in hand and the sense in the breast
That you have gained what you bargained for?

It is good, no doubt, that a man should be
Cast in such weird and singular mould
As dowers his vision with power to see
God's splendors flaming, where we behold
Only the flaring of lighted gas:
But with a husband I demand
(Letting the gift of prophecy pass)
The coin that is current in the land.

Therefore I should advise you, dear,
To give your lyrical vagrant such
Sufficient hint of a prudent fear
As—without wounding him overmuch—
Will serve to smite his insolent hopes
Down to levels of lesser range;
Sending him back to his crowding tropes
Wiser and sadder for the change.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER LVII.

A DINNER TETE-À-TETE.

For the first time since he had come into his fortune Telemachus had succeeded in persuading Mentor to take dinner with him. He had invited him to gorgeous club dinners, to Richmond dinners, to Blackwall dinners, to snug tête-à-tête dinners at the St. James's Street chambers, and Mentor had systematically and inflexibly declined them, one and all. So the present was quite an eventful occasion; and Telemachus, who had become rather famous for the way in which he entertained his friends, had provided a very recherché little dinner in honor of his cousin's society.

They met at Saxon's chambers, in St. James's Street. There were flowers on the table, and various kinds of wine in and out of ice on the side-board, and a succession of the most delicate courses that the most fastidious *gourmet* could desire. These latter, being supplied by a first-rate house in the neighborhood, kept continually arriving in cabs, so that the poet was literally right for once, and each dish came "not as a meat, but as a guest."

"Education is a wonderful thing, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, when the business of the meal was over, and they were amusing themselves with some peaches and pine. "The last time you and I dined together it was at Reichenau. You were then very much surprised because I would not let you drink Lafitte and water, and you had never tasted truffles. You called them 'nasty black things,' if I remember rightly."

"And now I can discriminate between white Hermitage and Château Yquem, and appreciate as I ought the genius of the Greeks, who made sixty-two kinds of bread!"

"I fear your newly-acquired wisdom will be of little use to you in Norway. By-the-way, you owe me five hundred and sixty pounds."

"What for?"

"For eight oil paintings, worth about two pounds apiece."

And then Mr. Trefalden, laughing at his cousin's astonishment, told him that he had purchased these pictures from Mrs. Rivière.

"I have called upon them twice or thrice," he said, "and each time I have freely paid away your good coin of the realm. I bought four pictures the first time, two the second, and so forth. They seemed very poor, and very glad to get the money."

"They are not more glad than I am," said Saxon. "When did you see them last?"

"About four or five days ago. They were then just starting for Italy, and are by this time, I suppose, some way upon the road. The mother looked ill. She is not in the least like our friend, Lady Castletowers."

"To what part of Italy are they gone?"

"To Nice; where I am to write to them, in case I hear of a purchaser for any more of the paintings. Shall I hear of a purchaser, or do you conceive that you have thrown away enough money for the present?"

"Find the purchaser by all means," replied Saxon. "Five hundred and sixty pounds are soon spent."

"Out of your purse—yes; but such a sum is a little fortune in theirs."

"I want them to have a hundred a year," said Saxon.

"Which means that our imaginary connoisseur is to spend two thousand pounds. My good fellow, they would never believe it!"

"Try them. It is so easy to believe in pleasant impossibilities."

"Well, I will see what I can do—after all, they are but women, and women are credulous."

"Don't you think her very pretty?" asked Saxon, somewhat irrelevantly.

To which Mr. Trefalden, holding his wine-glass to the light, replied, with great indifference:

"Why, no—not particularly."

"She is like a Raffaelle Madonna!" said Saxon, indignantly.

"Perhaps—but I am no admirer of Madonnas. Olimpia Colonna is ten times handsomer."

Saxon was silent.

"Have you seen the Colonnas since they left Castletowers?" asked Mr. Trefalden, looking at him somewhat curiously.

"No—I have not had time to call upon them. And now tell me something about the Company."

Mr. Trefalden had a great deal to tell about the Company; about the offices that were in course of erection at Alexandria and Sidon; about the engineers who were already at work upon the line; about the scientific party that had started for Hit, in search of the hoped-for coal strata; about the deputation that was on its way to Bagdad; and, above all, about the wonderful returns that every shareholder might expect to receive in the course of some six or eight years more.

"If I were not bound for Norway," said Saxon, "I would take a trip up the Mediterranean to inspect the works and report progress."

"It would scarcely repay you at present," replied his cousin. "A year hence there will be more to see. And now farewell to you."

Saxon saw his cousin to the door, and parted from him with reluctance. A few months back he would have kissed him on both cheeks, as on the evening when they first met in Switzerland; but civilization had rubbed off the bloom of his Arcadianism by this time, and he refrained.

He had scarcely returned to his room, scarcely rung for lights and seated himself at his desk with the intention of writing a few leave-taking notes, and arranging his scattered papers, when he heard a cab dash up to the door, a hasty footstep in the ante-room, and a familiar voice asking if he were at home. The next moment Lord Castletowers was in the room.

"You here to-night!" exclaimed Saxon. "Has any thing happened?"

"Only this," replied his friend. "Colonna is summoned to Palermo, and *must* go. He had intended to cross to Sicily from Genoa; but some cabal is on foot, and he has been warned that he is liable to arrest if seen in any French or Sardinian port. Now I come to ask if *you* will take him over?"

"To Sicily?"

"Yes—round by Gibraltar. It is Colonna's only safe route; and we could steer northward as soon as we had landed our man. Do you mind doing this?"

"Not in the least. I would as soon sail in one direction as another—nay, I had far sooner steer southward than northward, if that be all!"

"Then it is settled?"

"Quite—if Signor Colonna will meet us at Portsmouth to-morrow. But I thought you hated the cause, Castletowers, and would do no more for it."

The Earl smiled sadly.

"One may quarrel with liberty as often as Horace with Lydia," said he; "but one can no more help coming back to her than one can help loving her."

CHAPTER LVIII.

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

Day by day the *Albula* spread her white wings and skimmed like a sea-bird over the face of the waters. The picturesque Channel Isles; the cloudy cliff of Finisterre; the rock of Gibraltar, blinding white in the glare of the mid-day sun; Mount Abyla, shadowy and stupendous, standing out from the faint line of the African coast; the far peaks of the Sierra Nevada; and the Spanish Islands, green with groves of orange and citron, rose one by one out of the blue sea, glided past, and sank away again in the distance. Sometimes no land was visible on either side. Sometimes the little vessel sped along so close under the lee of the wooded headlands, that those on board could hear the chiming of the convent-bells, and the challenge of the sentinels pacing the ramparts of the sea-washed forts. But for the most part they kept well off the shore, steering direct for Sicily. And all this time the two friends mainly lived on deck, acquiring nautical knowledge, growing daily more and more intimate, and leaving Signor Colonna to fill page after page of close and crabbed manuscript in the cabin below. It was a delicious time. The days were all splendor and the nights all stars, and the travelers slept to the pleasant music of the waves.

"Lend me your glass, Trefalden," said Lord Castletowers. "I want to look at that steam frigate. I can't make out her flag."

They had been several days at sea, and were within about eighteen hours' sail of Palermo. A faint blue headland far away to the left marked the southernmost point of the island of Sardinia; while straight ahead, trailing a banner of pale smoke behind her, came the frigate that had attracted Lord Castletowers's attention.

"She seems to be coming our way," said Saxon.

"She is bearing right down upon us," replied the Earl. "And she carries guns—I don't quite like the look of her."

"Do you mean it?"

"I do."

And Lord Castletowers went to the top of the cabin stairs and called to Colonna to come up.

"I want you just to glance at this steamer through Trefalden's glass," said he. "Will you mind giving your pen a moment's rest?"

"Not at all," replied the Italian, and came at once on deck.

His brow darkened at sight of the approaching steamer. He took the glass; adjusted the focus; looked for some ten seconds silently and steadily, and returned it with but a single word of comment.

"Neapolitan."

"Good God!" exclaimed Castletowers, "what is to be done?"

Signor Colonna hesitated a moment before replying; but when his words came they were quick and decisive.

"If the captain *has* a motive in bearing down upon us, I am the object of his search. But he can not be alongside for at least ten minutes. I will hide my papers at once. If Mr. Trefalden will lend me one of his pilot coats, and you will both call me Sir Thomas Wylde, I have no fear of detection. I speak English quite well enough to deceive any Neapolitan. I have done it before, in worse emergencies than this. Remember—Sir Thomas Wylde. I have a passport made out in that name in case it is asked for."

And with this he plunged back into the cabin; gathered his letters and papers into a handkerchief and hid them in a corner of the caboose; slipped on one of Saxon's blue over-coats gorgeous with anchor buttons; lit a short clay pipe; pulled his cap a little forward over his brow; lay down at full length on a sofa in the cabin; and waited patiently.

"She has signaled for us to lie to!" cried Lord Castletowers, down the cabin stairs.

"Lie to, then, by all means."

"And her captain seems to be coming on board."

"He is very welcome."

Lord Castletowers smiled, in spite of his anxiety.

"That man is as cool as an iceberg," said he to Saxon. "And yet he knows he will be swinging from the topmost tower of St. Elmo within forty-eight hours if these people recognize him!"

And now the great frigate towered alongside the tiny yacht, frowning down with all her port-holes, and crowded with armed men.

A ladder was then lowered over the ship's side, and the Neapolitan commander and one of his officers came on board.

The Neapolitan was perfectly polite, and apologized for his intrusion with the best bred air in the world. He requested to know the name and destination of the yacht, the name of her owner, and the names of all persons on board.

Lord Castletowers, who assumed the office of spokesman, replied in fluent Italian. The name of the yacht was the *Albula*; she was the property of Mr. Trefalden, who was cruising in the Mediterranean with his friends Lord Castletowers and Sir Thomas Wylde. They had no object whatever in view save their own pleasure, and could not say in what direction they might be going. Probably to Athens. Quite as probably to Constantinople or Smyrna. Their passports were at the signor capitano's disposition, should he desire to see them.

The signor capitano bowed and inquired if Milord Trefalden had any intention of landing in Sicily?

The Earl replied that Mr. Trefalden would probably put in at Marsala for fresh water.

"Milord carries no arms, no gunpowder, no munitions of war?"

"Only the brass swivel which the signor capitano perceives on deck and its appurtenances."

The Neapolitan explained that he was under the necessity of requesting permission to glance into the hold, which was accordingly opened for his inspection. He then asked leave to see the cabin, and went down, accompanied by Trefalden and Castletowers, leaving his lieutenant on deck.

"Our friend Sir Thomas Wylde," said the Earl, with an introductory wave of the hand.

Colonna, who was still lying on the sofa, with his pipe in his mouth, and an old *Times* supplement in his hand, lifted up his head at these words, rose lazily, made a very stiff bow, and said nothing. The Neapolitan commander returned the bow, made some pleasant remark on the gentilezza of the pretty little cabin, and again apologized for the trouble he had given.

The present insurrection, he explained, compelled his Majesty's government to keep strict watch upon all vessels sailing toward Sicily. It was not an agreeable service for the officers of his Majesty's navy; but it was a very necessary one. He believed that he had now but one duty left to perform. He must trouble milords to hear him read a little proclamation containing the description of one Giulio Colonna, a noted political offender, for whose apprehension his Majesty the king of the Two Sicilies offered a reward of two thousand piastres. The said Giulio Colonna, he might add, was supposed to be even now on his way to Palermo.

He then drew a paper from his pocket-book, and, removing his hat, read aloud in the name of his sovereign a very minute and accurate inventory of Signor Colonna's outward man, describing his eyes, nose, mouth, teeth, hair, beard, mustache, height, and complexion; to all of which Signor Colonna listened with a placid composure that might have deceived Mephistopheles himself.

"What is all that about?" said he in English, when the officer had finished reading. "I do not understand Italian, you know."

Saxon could hardly forbear laughing outright while Castletowers gravely translated the proclamation for the benefit of the supposed Sir Thomas.

Colonna smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Pshaw!" said he. "A hopeless quest. They might as well try to catch a swallow on the wing!"

Whereupon the signor capitano, understanding the tone and gesture, though not the words, drew himself up, and replied, with some little assumption of dignity, that the man in question was a notorious traitor, and certain to fall into the hands of justice before long.

He then left the cabin somewhat less graciously than he had entered it, and Lord Castletowers, following him upon deck, took occasion to apologize for his friend.

"Sir Thomas is brusk," he said; "but then the English *are* brusk."

To which the Neapolitan replied by a well-turned compliment to himself, and took his leave. He then returned to his ship, followed by his lieutenant; the ladder was drawn up; final salutations were exchanged; the steam frigate hove off with a fiery panting at her heart; and in a few minutes the strip of blue sea between the two vessels had widened to the space of half a mile.

"Hurrah!" shouted the Earl. "Come up, Sir Thomas Wylde, and join me in three cheers for Francesco Secondo! You are safely past Scylla this time."

"And Charybdis," replied Colonna, divesting himself of Saxon's blue coat, and answering from below. "Do you know why I did not come on deck?"

"No."

"Because I caught a glimpse of that lieutenant's face as he jumped on board."

"Do you know him?"

"Perfectly. His name is Galeotti. He used to profess liberalism a dozen years ago; and he was my secretary in Rome in 'forty-eight."

CHAPTER LIX.

PALERMO.

A gigantic curve of rippling blue sea—an irregular crescent of amber sand, like a golden cimeter laid down beside the waves—a vast area of cultivated slopes, rising terrace above terrace, plateau beyond plateau, all thick with vineyards, villas, and corn-slopes—here and there a solitary convent with its slender bell-tower peeping over the tree-tops—great belts of dusky olives, and, higher still, dense coverts of chestnut and ilex—around and above all, circling in the scene from point to point, an immense amphitheatre of mountains, all verdure below, all barrenness above, whose spurs strike their roots into the voluptuous sea, and whose purple peaks stand in serrated outline against the soft blue sky.

"The bay of Palermo!"

Such was the exclamation that burst from the lips of the two younger men, as the *Albula* rounded the headland of St. Gallo about four o'clock in the afternoon of the day following their encounter with the Neapolitan frigate. Colonna, who had been waiting on deck for the last hour, silent and expectant, held out his arms, as if he would fain have embraced the glorious panorama, and murmured something which might have been a salutation or a prayer.

"Yes, the bay of Palermo!" repeated Lord Castletowers, with enthusiasm. "The loveliest bay in Europe, let the Neapolitan say what he will! That furthest point is Cefala—here is the Monte Pellegrino, crowned with the shrine of Santa Rosalia—yonder, in that mountain gorge, lies Monreale; and this part which we are now passing is called the Conca d'Oro. See, there are the domes of Palermo already coming into sight!"

"And there," said Colonna, pointing to a flag flapping languidly from the battlements of a little tower close down upon the strand, "there, Heaven be praised, is the tricolor of Italy!"

And now, as the yacht drew nearer, a compact forest of spires and pinnacles, glittering domes and white-fronted palaces rose, as it were, out of the bay at their approach. The sentinel on the Molo flung up his cap and shouted "Viva Garibaldi!" as they passed. The harbor swarmed with large and small craft of every description; speronaroes, feluccas, steamers, and open boats, every one of which carried the national flag conspicuously on mast or bowsprit. The quays were crowded with red shirts, Sardinian uniforms, and military priests; and close against the landing-place, under the shadow of Fort Galita, stood a large body of Garibaldians, perhaps a thousand in number, leaning on their muskets, and chattering with the most undisciplined vivacity imaginable. As Saxon's tiny yacht glided in under the bows of a great ungainly English steamer some ten or a dozen of the red shirts stepped coolly out of the ranks and came to the verge of the quay to reconnoitre these new-comers.

At that moment an Italian officer, leaning over the side of the steamer, cried:

"Ecco il Colonna!"

The name was heard by one of the soldiers on the quay. It flew from lip to lip; it swelled into a shout; the shout was taken up, echoed, repeated, redoubled, till the air rang with it, and

the walls of the fortress gave it back again. In an instant the landing-place was surrounded; the deck of every vessel in the harbor became suddenly alive with men; and still the mighty welcome gathered voice:

"Colonna! Colonna!"

He bared his head to their greeting; but scarcely one in each thousand could see him where he stood. Thus several seconds passed, and the shouts were growing momentarily more passionate and impatient, when the accommodation ladder of the great steamer was suddenly lowered, and a young officer came springing down.

"Honored Signore," he said, cap in hand, "his Excellency General Garibaldi is on board, and entreats that you will step on deck."

Pale with emotion, Colonna turned to Saxon and the Earl, and said:

"Follow me."

But they would not.

"No, no;" replied Castletowers. "Go up alone—it is better so. We will meet by-and-by."

"At the Trinacria, then!"

"Yes—at the Trinacria."

So Colonna went alone up the side of the *City of Aberdeen*, and from the midst of a group of red-shirted officers upon her upper deck there stepped forth one more bronzed and weather-beaten than the rest, who took him by both hands and welcomed him as a brother.

At this sight the shout became a roar—windows were thrown up, and balconies thronged in all the houses round about the harbor—the troops on the quay fell back into position, and presented arms—and the first of an impromptu salute of twenty-one guns was fired from Fort Galita.

The two young men looked at each other, and smiled. They had been shouting like the rest, till they were hoarse; and now, when Saxon turned to his friend and said, "Shall we get quietly away, Castletowers, before the storm has subsided?"—the Earl caught at the idea, and proceeded at once to act upon it.

They then sheered off from the *City of Aberdeen;* moored the yacht close under the quay; beckoned to the nearest boatman; and were rowed, unnoticed, to a landing-place a little further down the harbor.

"And now, Trefalden," said Lord Castletowers, when they presently found themselves on shore, "now for a race over Palermo!"

"Scusate," said a pleasant voice; "but will you accept of a guide?"

It was the young officer of the *City of Aberdeen*, who had followed them unseen, and overtaken them just as they landed.

In a moment they had all three shaken hands, and were chatting as joyously and freely as if they had known each other for weeks already.

"Have you ever been in Palermo before?" asked the Sicilian.

"Once, about four years ago," replied the Earl.

"Ah, Dio! it is sadly changed. You can not see from this point what the cursed bombardment has done; but up by the Piazza Nuova the place is one heap of desolation—churches, convents, palaces, all destroyed, and hundreds of corpses yet lying unburied in the ruins! But we mean to take our revenge at Melazzo."

"Melazzo?" repeated Saxon. "Where is that?"

"What! Do you not know?"

"We know nothing," said Castletowers, eagerly—"nothing of what has happened since we left England. What about Melazzo?"

They had been turning their backs upon the harbor, and proceeding in the direction of the Strada Toledo; but at these words their new friend seized them each by the arm, and hurried them back to the quay.

"You see that great steamer?" he exclaimed, pointing to the *City of Aberdeen*. "That steamer on board of which his Excellency invited the Colonna?"

"Yes."

"And those troops drawn up against the landing-place?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, they are all picked men; the last twelve hundred of the expedition. They are now waiting to go on board, and by ten o'clock to-night will steam out of the harbor. General Cosenz and his Cacciatori are already gone—they went last evening; but Garibaldi himself goes with us in the *City of Aberdeen*. Melazzo is not far—we shall be there before daybreak; but they say there will be no fighting till the day after to-morrow."

"Why, this is glorious!" cried Saxon.

"Yes, you are in luck to drop in for a siege the day after your arrival," replied the Sicilian. "I have been here for nearly three weeks, and have had nothing to do yet, except to assist in the demolition of the Castello, and that was not amusing. It was all well enough for the first hour or two; but one soon gets tired of pulling down stone-walls when there are no Regi behind them."

He then led the way back to the Toledo, pointing out those places where the struggle had been fiercest, asking and answering questions, and pouring forth his pleasant talk with the simple vivacity of a boy.

His name, he said, was Silvio Beni. He was the second son of a Palermitan land-owner on the other side of the island, and held the rank of aid-de-camp in the Garibaldian army. He had fought last year as a volunteer at Solferino; but had no intention of becoming a soldier by profession. Fighting for liberty was one thing; but fighting for four pauls a day was another. He meant to cultivate olives and vines, and live the pastoral life of his forefathers, if he did not happen to get shot before the end of the campaign.

Chattering thus, he led Saxon and Castletowers through the chief streets of the city; and a terrible sight it was for eyes unused to the horrors of war. Here were the remnants of the famous barricades of the 27th of May; here the shattered walls of the university, the Pretorio pitted with shot-holes, and the monastery of the Seven Angels, of which a mere shell remained. Then came a stately palace, roofless and windowless—the blackened foundations of a church once famous for its archives—a whole street propped, and threatening to fall at every moment—the charred fragments of a convent in which the helpless sisters had been burned alive beyond the possibility of escape. In some places scarcely one stone was left standing on another. In some the fiery storm had passed by and left no trace of its course.

Presently, from a broad space of indistinguishable ruin, pestilent with unburied dead, they emerged upon a quarter where the streets were gay with promenaders and the cafés crowded with idlers; where the national flag floated gayly from the roofs of the public buildings, and all the butterfly business of South Italian life was going on as merrily as if the ten-inch shell were a phenomenon the very name of which was unknown to Sicilian ears.

Saxon could not comprehend how these people should be eating ices and playing at dominoes, as if nothing had happened of late to disturb their equanimity. It seemed to him inexpressibly shocking and heartless; and not being accustomed to conceal his opinions, he said so, very bluntly.

The Sicilian smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"They are so happy to be free," he replied, apologetically.

"But what right have they to be happy while their dead lie unburied at their very doors?" asked Saxon, indignantly. "What right have they to forget the hundreds of innocent women and children crushed and burned in their homes, or the Neapolitans who massacred them?"

"Ah, gli assassini! we will pay them out at Melazzo," was the quick reply.

And this was the Sicilian temperament. Sights which filled Saxon and the Earl with pity and horror brought but a passing cloud upon the brow of their new acquaintance. He had seen them daily for three weeks, and grown familiar with them. He talked and laughed in the very precincts of death; scrambled up the barricades; showed where the Regi had been repulsed, and at which point the Garibaldians had come in; chattered about the cession of Nice, the probable duration of the war, the priests, the sbirri, the foreign volunteers, and all the thousand and one topics connected with the revolutionary cause: and thought a great deal more of the coming expedition than of the past bombardment.

At length, just as they came out upon the Marina, a gun was fired from Fort Galita, and their Sicilian friend bade them a hasty farewell.

"That is our signal for assembling on board," said he. "If you reach Melazzo before the work is begun ask for me. I may be able to do something for you. At all events, I will try."

"We won't forget that promise!" replied Saxon, eagerly.

"Addio, fratelli."

And these young men who looked forward to the coming fight as if it were a pleasure party, who were total strangers to each other one short hour ago, but who were brought into contact by accident, and into sympathy by their love of liberty, their careless courage, and their faith in a common cause, embraced and parted, literally, as brothers.

The friends then went straight to the Trinacria hotel, and learning that Colonna had not yet arrived, turned at once toward the quay. Here they found a dense crowd assembled, and the *City of Aberdeen* with her steam up and all the troops on board.

The people were frothing over with excitement, and so densely packed that the young men might as reasonably have tried to elbow their way through a stone-wall as through the solid human mass interposed between themselves and the landing-place. They gathered from the exclamations of those around them that the troops were drawn up on deck, and that Garibaldi was known to be in the saloon. Now and then a shout was raised for some officer who appeared for a moment on deck; and sometimes, when nothing else was doing, a voice from the crowd would give the signal for a storm of vivas.

Presently an officer of Cacciatori, with the well-known plume of cocks' feathers in his hat, came hurrying down the quay. The crowd parted right and left, as if by magic, and he passed through amidst a shower of benedictions and addios.

"Do you know who that is?" asked Saxon of those around.

"No—God bless him!" said one.

"We only know that he is going to fight for us," said another.

"The Holy Virgin and all the saints have him in their keeping!" added a third.

At this moment the crowd surged suddenly back again—a great roar burst from the thousand-throated throng—a gun was fired—and the *City of Aberdeen* was under way!

In another second the mass had wavered, parted, turned like a mighty tide, and begun flowing out through the Porta Felice, and following the course of the steamer along the Marina Promenade. The soldiers on board stood motionless, with their hands to the sides of their hats, saluting the crowd. The crowd raced tumultuously along the shore, weeping, raving, clapping its hands for the soldiers, and shouting "Viva Garibaldi! Viva la Liberta!" One woman fell on her knees upon the quay, with her little infant in her arms, and prayed aloud for the liberators.

Saxon and the Earl stood still, side by side, looking after the lessening steamer, and listening to the shouts which grew momentarily fainter and more distant.

"Good Heavens!" said Castletowers, "what a terrific thing human emotion is, when one beholds it on such a scale as this! I should have liked to see this people demolishing the Castello."

Saxon drew a deep breath before replying, and when he spoke his words were no answer to the Earl's remark.

"I tell you what it is, Castletowers," he said; "I feel as if we had no business to remain here another hour. For God's sake, let us buy a couple of red shirts, and be after the rest as fast as the little *Albula* can get us through the water!"

CASTLES.

THERE is a picture in my brain
That only fades to come again;
The sunlight, through a veil of rain,
To leeward gilding;
A narrow stretch of brown sea sand;
A light-house half a league from land;
And two young lovers, hand in hand,
A castle building.

Upon the budded apple-trees
The robins sing by twos and threes,
And even at the faintest breeze
Down drops a blossom;
And ever would that lover be
The wind that robs the bourgeoned tree
And lifts the soft tress daintily
On Beauty's bosom.

Ah, graybeard, what a happy thing
It was, when life was in its spring,
To peep through Love's betrothal ring
At fields Elysian;
To move and breathe in magic air,
To think that all that seems is fair!
Ah, ripe young mouth and golden hair,
Thou pretty vision!

Well, well—I think not on these two
But the old wound breaks out anew,
And the old dream, as if 'twere true,
In my heart nestles;
Then tears come welling to my eyes,
For yonder, all in saintly guise,
As 'twere, a sweet dead woman lies
Upon the trestles!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NEW YORK is always thronged with foreigners—not merely with the polite French and grave-faced Germans, but Chinese, Poles, Prussians, and Japanese promenade our thoroughfares, quite at home. Recently a novel addition has been made by a party of Tunisians—three in number—an embassy from the Bey of Tunis to President Johnson. In appearance they are Creoles, and are men of culture, speaking the French language fluently. Accompanied by Mr. Perry, the American Consul at the court of Tunis, they came to this country, bearing messages of congratulation on the termination of the war, and sympathy in the death of President Lincoln.

They have been making a tour of our city, strolling through Broadway, roaming over Central Park, and sight-seeing generally. The ladies will be interested to know what impression *they* made upon these foreign gentlemen. It was not the crinoline, nor yet the waterfall, which pleased the Tunisians, but the sweet faces, the bright eyes, the ruby lips and glowing cheeks attracted them. Ladies in their country do not strive to contort nature by the so-called improvements of art, and though the Tunisians had truly heard of Niagara, they were not prepared for such a succession of waterfalls as dashed about on the Avenue and in the Park. In fact, it required the neatest tact on the part of their *chaperon* to explain the matter to them.

By-the-way, ladies, have you seen the latest novelty in the crinoline line? If not, by visiting the American Institute Fair you may have the opportunity of examining

THE SILVER SKIRT.—Its peculiarity consists in covering the steel hoops with a wrapping of very fine German silver wire, instead of thread, as is usually the case. The exhibitors claim that by this arrangement their skirt is made more durable, more elastic, more graceful, and more effective than any other skirt now in the market.

It is really too late to regret it now, but if you have not been to see Herrmann's wonderful feats you have made a great mistake. He steps into the midst of the audience with the utmost *nonchalance*, shakes his coat-tails, exhibits his empty pockets, strikes his arms together violently, and then drawing a handkerchief over his outstretched arm, makes appear miraculously a fragile glass vessel, brimful of water and gold-fish!—real and genuine articles. The hat trick—in which he extracts from one gentleman's hat more hoop-skirts, live rabbits, goblets, and lighted lanterns than fifty hats could possibly hold—is one of the most extraordinary of all his feats, if we except making a cage-full of canaries disappear from the stage and appear instantaneously in the parquet. This is more like magic than sleight of hand, and the *modus operandi* is utterly incomprehensible, as well as beautiful, from the rapidity and grace with which the transposition is made.

Nothing is more delightful—to the ladies at least, and the gentlemen do not seem averse to it—than a walk down Broadway some of these charming autumn days. The shops are brilliant with gay-colored novelties, and you don't need to look into the shop-windows to see them unless you choose. Keep your eyes open; there are novelties enough adorning the fair promenaders. There are so many curious varieties of hats and bonnets that one wonders whose brains invented them, and is puzzled to decide whether they are pretty or not. Stay; that one is really tasteful—a pure white hat of straw, or some such material, trimmed with blue velvet, and a long blue veil at the side. Those side-veils give a very graceful air, but we protest against the custom of covering the hat entirely with a veil carelessly pinned together behind. Here comes a jaunty young lady, who has evidently left her own appropriate head-covering in her band-box and taken her brother's from the hat-tree—really there is not a shade of distinction.

Every body is proud of our beautiful Park, and is interested in whatever in and about it contributes to its attractions. Therefore we mention the fact that Professor Lowe is preparing an elegant bridal car to accommodate some romantic pair, who desire to have their happiness consummated in a balloon. The ceremony will be performed after the balloon has ascended twelve feet. Then, after partaking of a sumptuous collation, provided by the Professor, the yet unknown, but doubtless happy pair, will commence their airy bridal tour.

Who will be the fortunate couple?

To read the court records of the day, and the awful developments of domestic unhappiness, is enough to make any young lady say "No" when the question is "popped." Gentlemen, too, may wisely hesitate before giving the lady a chance thus to reply. However, somebody thinks there are two sides to the question, as the following will show:

MATRIMONY *versus* SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.—Matrimony is hot buckwheat cakes, warm beds, comfortable slippers, smoking coffee, round arms, red lips, kind words, shirts exulting in buttons, redeemed stockings, boot-jacks, happiness, etc. Hurrah!

Single blessedness is sheet-iron quilts, blue noses, frosty rooms, ice in the pitcher, unregenerated linen, heelless socks, coffee sweetened with icicles, gutta-percha biscuits, flabby steaks, dull razors, corns, coughs, colics, rhubarb, misery, etc. Ugh!

Those good housekeepers, who are terrified at the fearful price of butter nowadays, will be gratified to know that, in Philadelphia recently, an extortioner met with summary punishment.

A dealer in butter in the Girard Avenue Market disgusted every body by demanding one dollar a pound for his lump butter. A lady offered to give him ninety-five cents, but the dealer refused, and while the lady was talking with him the clerk of the market came up and commenced to examine the lumps offered for sale. Each lump was weighed with great precision, and each lump, to the number of forty, was found to be under weight. A more delighted crowd was never seen than when the clerk marched off with the entire lot in his basket.

It was a beautiful idea which one of our city ministers presented last Sunday evening in an address on the training of children. It was given as a quotation: "I think it well to prejudice my garden in favor of violets and roses, or corn and wheat, if I would keep out the weeds."

Those fashionable mothers, who commit to nurses the exclusive care of their little ones, may learn a lesson from the following:

A MODEL MOTHER.—According to a *Court Journal* the Princess of Wales is a very pattern for mothers: "It is whispered among the ladies of the Court that every evening the mother of the 'future King of England' may be seen in a flannel dress in order that she may properly wash and put on baby's night-clothes and see him safely in bed."

Edmond About says that fashionable French mothers do manage to devote, on an average, one hundred and twenty minutes a day to their little family. It is a matter of law that from 1 to 3 o'clock be given to them.

But there is another side—*all* mothers across the waters are not thus tender—and papers are filled with fearful tales of cruelty to children. Running the eye over a *single* English paper we glean the following—mere headings to paragraphs.

SHOCKING NEGLECT OF AN INFANT. MURDER OF THREE CHILDREN BY THEIR MOTHER. MANSLAUGHTER OF A CHILD. ANOTHER CASE OF INHUMAN TREATMENT. POISONING OF TWO CHILDREN BY THEIR MOTHER. ATTEMPTED CHILD MURDER. CHILD SUFFOCATED IN A BOX OF FEATHERS.

The mind turns with a thrill of horror from such a record of wholesale "Murder of the Innocents."

The English people complain because the Queen secludes herself from her own subjects while she has freely exhibited herself in Germany during her recent visit. When she steps on English ground after several weeks' absence none are allowed to welcome her. She lost a husband years ago, but that is no reason why the nation should not have a Sovereign now.

Eugénie seems to be ambitious of literary distinction as well as her royal husband. It is currently reported that she is about to publish a book of poems, written in the Spanish language. The Emperor, it is said, has received $128,400 for the copyright of the first volume of his "Life of Cæsar"—with what truth we can not say.

Who will hereafter say that false hair is not useful?

SAVED BY RATS, MICE, AND WATERFALLS.—Madame Clausse, a Parisian lady, while traveling in her carriage with two little children, was suddenly assaulted by the coachman, who had incurred her displeasure. He struck her with great violence on the head; and the surgeon who afterward attended her declared that her life was saved by the quantity of false hair she wore.

Royalty can not insure happiness, nor the gratification of one's wishes.

The domestic life of Queen Victoria has been much disturbed of late in consequence of the proposed marriage of her third daughter, the Princess Helena, an accomplished young lady, who resembles her mother in appearance and character more than any other of her children. It is generally believed in London that the Princess Helena was much pleased with the attentions of a young nobleman, and this fact was sufficient to make her speedy alliance with a member of some of the royal families of Europe a necessity, in order to prevent the deepening of her affection for a person whom she would not be permitted to marry. Now there seems to be two candidates in the field—the Crown Prince of Denmark, who is deemed unobjectionable by the Queen, and the Crown Prince of Holland (the Prince of Orange), who is quite a fashionable and handsome young fellow, more acceptable to the young lady than the Danish Prince, but less agreeable to the Queen.

We saw an item not long since in regard to a recent marriage in Hindostan, the bridegroom being only six years old and the bride three. The following will off-set that.

DISAPPOINTED.—A few weeks ago a bachelor of eighty-three, living in an English town, won the affections of a youthful damsel of seventy. The happy day was appointed, and the evening before the gentleman was hilarious at his club and toasted his bride elect with great fervor. The lady heard of it, and, in a pet, refused his escort to church next day, and marched off by herself. On entering the church the great crowd gathered to witness the novel wedding terrified the poor young thing, and she rushed out in all haste. The bridegroom, entering at an opposite door, just caught sight of her departing robes. They didn't try again!

The following incident carries its own lesson—so often taught in vain.

A TRAGIC WEDDING.—The town of Kaschua, in Hungary, has just been the scene of a tragic event. A gentleman of the environs was to be married to a young lady of the town, and on the day fixed for the wedding the bridegroom and his friends went in procession to Kaschau, preceded by a band of music, and firing rifles as they passed along. During the repast, which was served after the ceremony, one of the guests jested with the bridegroom on the sudden disappearance of the bride, who had gone to her mother in the kitchen. The husband went to find his wife, and—seeing her in the midst of a group of women—he requested her to return to the dining-room. She playfully refused, and ran away, laughing as she went. Her young husband then took up a rifle, and—aiming it at her—cried, "Come here, Irma, or I will fire!" The bride laughed, and replied, "Fire, if you like!" The rifle went off that instant, and the poor girl fell mortally wounded; she died three hours later—after assuring her unhappy husband that she felt certain he did not know the rifle was loaded.

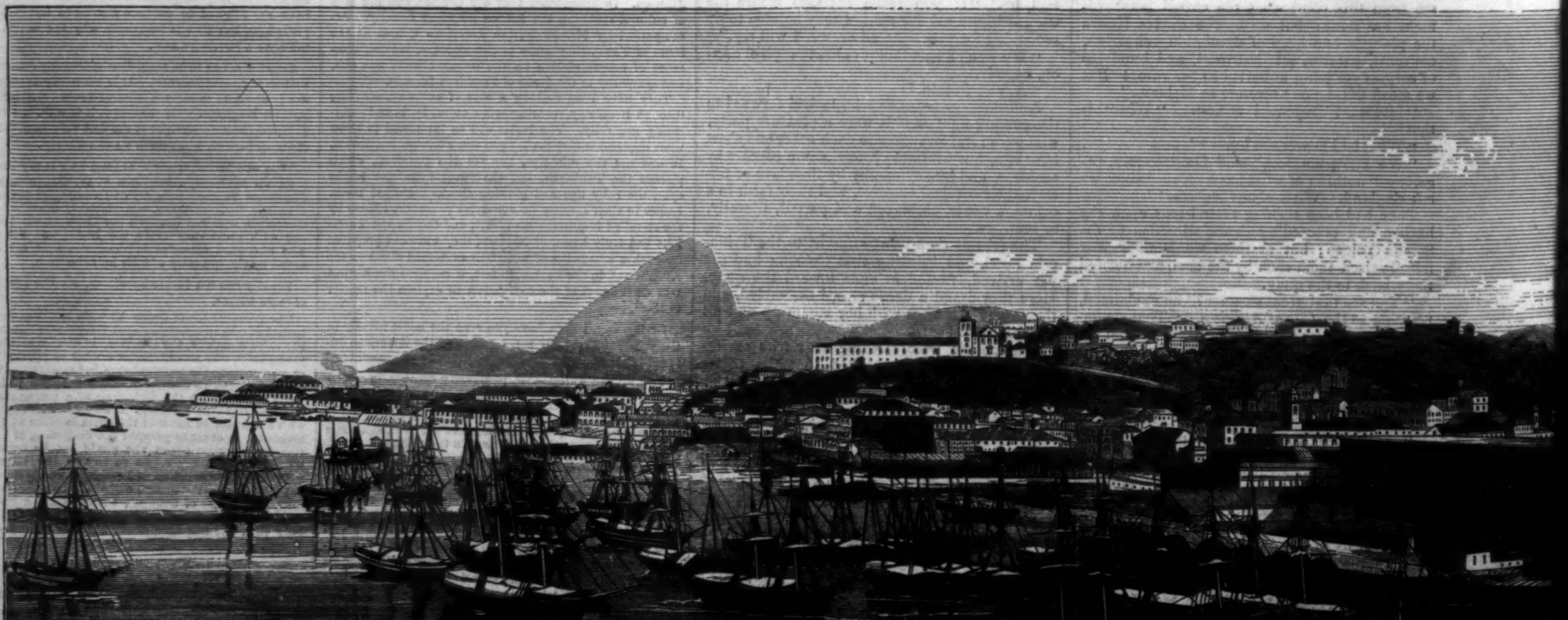
PARROT VENDER.

NEGRESS CARRYING HER YOUNG.

DON PEDRO II., EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

FISH-MONGER AND HIS DULCINEA.

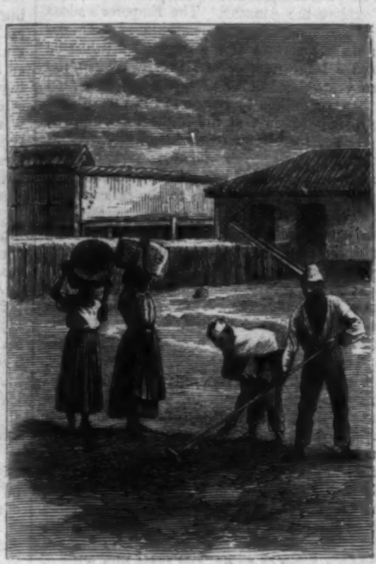
SLAVE PICKING COTTON.


VIEW OF RIO DE JANEIRO, THE CAPITAL OF BRAZIL, SOUTH AMERICA: WITH

DONNA THERESA, EMPRESS OF BRAZIL.

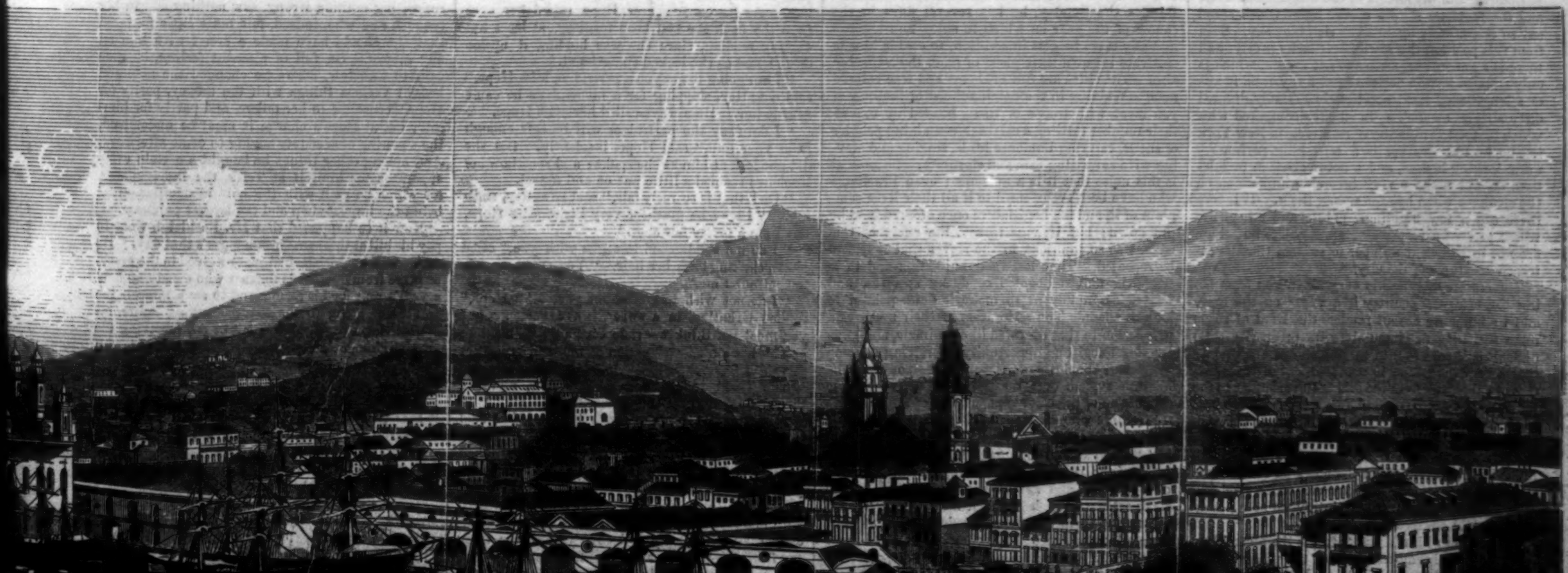
FRUIT GIRL.

STREET PORTER BRAIDING PALM-LEAF.



DRYING COFFEE ON THE TERRACE.

HEAD PORTER.



RAITS OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS, STREET CHARACTERS, ETC.—[See Page 666.]

AFOOT.

If life's a journey—as we see
'Tis indeed by many a token—
Oh, then, I trow, the road will be
Not always smooth or always broken.
But march we over rugged stone,
Or march we over trodden gravel,
With friends around us, or alone,
We must keep moving on our travel.
Tramp, tramp, when skies are fair,
Tramp, tramp, when storms are blowing.
If we find
We lag behind
A steadfast heart will keep us going.

Many a path will seem more plain,
Many a knave will lie and cozen;
But hold thine own with might and main,
And keep the track that thou hast chosen.
It's in the light and in the dark,
It's over hill and through the hollow;
We'll fix our eyes upon the mark,
And if we can not lead we'll follow.
Tramp, tramp, when skies are fair,
Tramp, tramp, when storms are blowing.
If our strength
Should fail at length
A steadfast heart will keep us going.

The horseman and the charioteer
Go hasting by with mighty clatter;
God-speed them all! and if they jeer
The tramps afoot, what does it matter?
Grudge them not the present hour,
Nor faint and murmur like a craven;
For when the day has lost its power
There is for all a common haven.
Tramp, tramp, when skies are fair,
Tramp, tramp, when storms are blowing.
As the light
Dies down to night
A steadfast heart will keep us going.

BRAZIL.

A number of engravings in the middle of our paper this week illustrate some important features and personages which are now of great interest in Brazil. For the interesting views and portraits to which we allude we are indebted to Mr. H. M. Lane, whose long residence in Brazil has made him familiar with the customs of the people and with the history of the country.

On first seeing the town of Rio Janeiro from the deck of the steamer the mind of the voyager is filled with admiration at the glorious picture it presents. Not that there is much to admire in the town itself—it is the beauty of its surroundings; the brilliant blue of the isle-dotted sea which fills its bay; the picturesque appearance of the Pao d'Assucar, at the entrance of the port; the white sails of the vessels skimming along under the steady pressure of the breeze; and, beyond the city, the various tints of the foliage of the magnificent trees, and the fantastic shapes of the hills, which stand out so charmingly against the rich blue sky. Seen from this position the town itself looks pretty, and there is a general eagerness to get ashore, which is only equaled by the desire to get away from it after a lengthened residence therein. Badly-drained dirty streets, abounding in smells—compared with which that rising from the worst streets in New York in the hottest weather is a refreshing perfume—mean-looking houses, and a not over-clean population, do not make a very favorable impression on the stranger when he gets among them. It is true there are a few buildings, public and otherwise, which present a respectable appearance, but these are not in sufficient number to redeem the less attractive features of the city.

The empire of Brazil is very far indeed from being the compact country it appears on the map, and its immense extent renders the want of roads more seriously detrimental to its prosperity. So difficult is it to travel in the interior of the empire that a very long time is occupied in the transmission of a dispatch from the seat of government to the most distant province and the return of the messenger. Practically all communication between the capital and the immense basin of the Amazon is by sea, and until recently there was immense difficulty in passing from the cities on the coast to the dwellers on the higher plateaux, and a good deal of danger, the forests which intervene being occupied by wild beasts and Indians.

Don Pedro II. d'Alcantara is the second Emperor of Brazil, and was born at the palace of San Christovao, in the outskirts of Rio, December 2, 1825. His early studies were directed by the venerable José Bonifacio d'Andrada, often called the Franklin of Brazil, a wise and learned statesman and scholar. He found in young Pedro an apt scholar, and to him Brazil is in part indebted for her present liberal government. Very early in life the Emperor showed signs of uncommon ability and that rare discernment which characterizes his later years. In 1840 he was called upon to ascend the throne and assume his full prerogative. He was then only fourteen years of age.

It must be admitted that Don Pedro II. fully comprehends the vastness of the resources of the country he governs, and that he has set to work in the right way to develop them. The great purpose of his life seems to be to elevate the Brazilians to the position of a *free people*. During his reign Brazil has taken gigantic strides in material progress. She has already six important railroads, and among them some master-pieces of engineering; many fine macadamized turnpikes; a semi-monthly line of first-class sea-going steamers running from the Amazon and the La Plata, touching at all the principal points on the coast; numerous small coast lines, and steamers running the entire length of the navigable Amazon; also steamboats on almost every navigable river of the Empire. Nearly all these enterprises are subsidized. The capital—Rio Janeiro—possesses nearly all the improvements to be found in European or North American cities. The literary and scientific institutions of Brazil rank very high. Throughout the entire length and breadth of the Empire the rights of individuals are guaranteed; there is perfect liberty of speech; the press is free; all religions are tolerated; nearly all the officers are *elected* by the people; and though the form of government is monarchical, the people are as free as it is possible for a people to be with safety to themselves.

Don Pedro is considerably over six feet in height, muscular and well developed, with handsome German features and a fine eye. In his habits he is simple and untiringly industrious. He is a fine scholar, and cultivates assiduously the arts and sciences, and is a warm patron of scientific and literary institutions. Brazil owes to him a system of *free public schools*, which has no equal in America outside of the United States. He is a warm friend of religious toleration, and has given his personal aid to erect Protestant chapels for the German colonists. He is an admirer of American writers, and is thoroughly acquainted with our literature. Last year he sent to Whittier an autograph translation of the "Cry of the Lost Soul."

The Emperor is a fine conversationalist, and speaks fluently six languages; is a thorough classical scholar, and a good topographical engineer. Professor Agassiz upon his arrival in Brazil found in the Emperor a kind friend and warm supporter. The latter ordered transportation to be furnished to him and his party over all the Government lines in the Empire, and placed at his disposition a steamer to explore the Amazon. The Emperor's ideas of the abolition of slavery are well known. On occasion of the marriage of the Imperial princess he liberated a large number of slaves. Within the last ten years the number of slaves has decreased more than one million by reason of the very liberal laws; so that to-day, at the highest calculation, there are not more than two millions of slaves in the empire.

Brazilian slaves are of every hue, from the deep black of the imported African to the sallow complexion of the planter himself; and but for the suppression of the slave-trade, they would have soon outnumbered their masters—as indeed they do already in the coast provinces—and then we might have expected a servile war and a repetition of the horrors of St. Domingo and Hayti. The Brazilians are said not to have the slightest idea that there is any thing wrong in holding a fellow-man in bondage. The State itself, we are told, possesses slaves, from whose labors it derives a portion of its revenues; convents have them, and hold them as the property of the particular saint to whom the establishment is dedicated; the Foundling Hospital occasionally buys slaves as wet nurses; and speculative doctors are said to buy those that are sick, on the chance of restoring them and making a profit by their sale. It must be said that none of these treat the slave with animosity. They regard him with the same kind of feeling as that with which we look upon a horse or an ox, and treat him with so much indulgence that in some respects his condition is better than that of the European laborer. Besides the Sunday, he has several days in the course of the year on which to enjoy himself, and in many cases he gets in addition, to enable him to cultivate his own little piece of land, the Saturday also. The cities are full of slaves and free colored men. Walking in the neighborhood of the quays, you meet with troops of these, headed by one of their number rattling a calabash containing pebbles or shells, carrying immense loads, singing and moving with surprising ease and elasticity. So general is this noise that it is a nuisance; even Brazilians who have been accustomed to it all their lives complain of it, and the Legislature once ordered it to be put down; but, strange to say, the effect of this edict was so injurious to the slaves that it had to be repealed. They lost their animation and their strength, moved about like dusky spectres, and wasted so rapidly as to make it quite painful to look at them. The restoration of their music and permission to sing operated like a miracle, and gave the physiologist an opportunity of arriving at some wonderful conclusions respecting the power of the nervous system over the physical. A very large proportion of the colored population of the cities are free; those who are slaves being for the most part at liberty to employ themselves as they please, subject to the payment of a fixed sum per day to their owners, the rest of their earnings being at their own disposal, and as the value of an able-bodied slave seldom exceeds $1000, it is in the power of almost all of them to purchase their freedom at some time or other. Meanwhile they are at full liberty to cultivate their intellect if they feel disposed, the man who instructs them being under no apprehension of receiving a dressing of tar and feathers, or a gratuitous ride on a rail, for so doing.

The Empress, Donna Theresa, is a sister of the late King of the Two Sicilies. She is a lady of highly cultivated mind, possessed of all the qualities of a kind and truly noble princess. She is a good mother, and by her numberless charities and personal solicitude for the welfare of the people has endeared herself to the hearts of all the Brazilians.

Friendly relations existed with Paraguay until the accession of "Lopez," who, supposing all the Spanish American nations would join him against Brazil, began very soon to show himself hostile, and violated the spirit of the treaty by erecting a strong fortification at the mouth of the Paraguay; and when Brazil for the third time interfered in the affairs of the La Plata, in the pursuit of her legitimate interests and to protect her citizens from repeated outrage and her borders from invasion, Lopez took occasion to capture an unsuspecting merchant steamer on the Paraguay, and to invade the Province of Matto-Grosso, committing depredations and ravages on every hand.

Paraguay is without doubt one of the most despotically governed countries in the world. Congress has met only *once* in ten years; then the Dictator was virtually the Congress himself. Lopez is the only merchant who can have relations with the outside world. He has complete control of all public and private property. No one can marry without his consent, none can leave the country without his permission.

This is the third time Brazil has interfered in the affairs of the La Plata. First, in 1852, to break the power of the tyrant Rosas; second, in 1854, at request of the Estado Oriental, to secure public order and preserve the existence of the Republic of Montevideo. Peace was only secured for a short time; in 1855 anarchy again reigned. In 1861 another revolution broke out between the two parties, known as the "Colorados" and "Blancos." The "Colorados" were lured into laying down their arms, and were then indiscriminately slaughtered.

It will be of interest to our readers to know that there is now a regular line of mail steamships between New York and Rio de Janeiro, leaving the former city on the 28th of every month. The first vessel to run on this line was the *Costa Rica*, which left this port September 28. The establishment of this line will give us every month the latest intelligence of the war on the Plata.

HOPE RASHLEIGH.

Hope and Grantley Watts were cousins of a far-away kind; though he was that most miserable of all things—a poor relation brought up on charity, therefore in nowise her equal according to the canons of society. He was a noble-hearted fellow this Grantley, with two special characteristics—good temper and an invincible sense of honor. His cousin, John Rashleigh, was substantially kind to him. He housed him, and had educated him liberally; but for the more immaterial kindnesses of tender look or gracious word, of indulgences granted by the generosity of love, of gifts or pleasures beyond strict deserving, the boy had grown up absolutely without them. Hope, too, had used toward him all the insolence which girls of a certain type are so fond of showing toward young men. But Grantley accepted all her girlish impertinences with unwavering good-humor and patience; never seeming to see what would have fired many another youth to saucy retaliation, but, always master of himself, returning good for evil, smiles for jeers, obedience for command, and service for ingratitude. And yet he was not mean-spirited.

At length Grantley was offered an Indian appointment, which, though of small value in the beginning, promised well, and was sure to lead to a favorable future if he were found capable and steady. There was no question of doubt or hesitation in the matter; he must go, willing or unwilling. Penniless young men, kept long idle at home, are generally glad enough of good appointments where they can make their fortunes; but his cousin noticed that he turned deadly pale as he spoke, and Hope caught a look such as she had never seen in his eyes before, and which sent all the blood in a thick wave of mingled passions round her heart.

A few days before Grantley's departure Hope was walking in the shrubbery by the long field. She had been rather dull of late. Hope Rashleigh could get out of temper. Presently, up the long path came Grantley with his gun and his game-bag. As he came nearer Hope raised her eyes from the book she had been reading; at least not exactly reading, since she was holding it upside down: and as she looked she colored.

"I am going to get you a partridge, Miss Hope," said Grantley, stopping for a moment as he came near to her. He always called her Miss Hope.

"I dare say the partridges will be safe enough from your gun," said Hope, insolently. But she did not look at him as she spoke; and somehow her insolence seemed a little put on and forced.

"Oh! that is scarcely fair," said Grantley, smiling. "I may be good for very little, Miss Hope, but I am a pretty fair shot."

"I do not condescend to argue with you," cried Hope, shaking back her hair. "You are very rude to contradict me."

"I do not wish to contradict you, Miss Hope," replied Grantley, in a sweet, grave voice; "but you must not think me rude because I do not like you to have a mean opinion of me, and try to set you right."

The blood rushed over Hope's face, and she turned away abruptly.

"I am going away—perhaps forever," then said Grantley after a short pause, speaking in a low voice, but not looking at his cousin—looking down instead, occupied about the stock of his gun which just then needed an extra polish.

"Why is it you have been so constantly displeased with me, Miss Hope? No one has tried more earnestly than I to please and obey you—I can truly say from the very first years of my life here—why is it, then, that you hate me as you do? What have I ever done to make you hate me? If I only knew! if I only had known for all these years!"

"Hate you?" she cried, quickly, turning full round upon him and raising her eyes with a strange look into his face. Then she dropped them again, and said, coldly, "I did not know, Mr. Watts, that I had ever honored you enough to hate you. I have scarcely taken so much notice of you as to warrant you in saying that."

Grantley turned pale. "Forgive me," he said, sadly; "this has been again one of my unlucky blunders."

Grantley then struck into the fields for one of the last days of partridge-shooting he was to have in the old country. But Hope, going deeper into the shrubbery, flung herself down on the moss at the roots of the trees and burst into a passionate flood of tears, hating and despising herself the while.

When Grantley returned in the evening he had only one bird in his bag, though game was plentiful this year and he was acknowledged to be a first-rate shot. His cousin, John Rashleigh, rallied him unmercifully, and Hope said in her most disdainful way: "I thought the coveys would be tolerably safe, Mr. Watts!" But he only laughed, and said: "Well, Miss Hope, you must have it some morning for breakfast when I am gone; it is the last I shall shoot, and I should like you to have it."

To which answered Hope indifferently: "You are very good, Grantley, but I dare say Fido will be the only one to benefit by your last bag; I do not suppose I shall even see the creature."

Grantley colored; and Mr. Rashleigh himself thought she might have been more gracious just on the eve of the poor lad's departure, when perhaps they might never see him again.

Perhaps it was some such half discomfort—it could not be said to be conscious displeasure—that made him refuse Hope's request that evening. As usual, she was out of funds, and she had a special need for money at this moment. She wished to help poor Anne Rogers down in the fever, with her husband in the hospital and her children destitute, and she knew that her father would not give them a penny; for the man had been convicted of poaching, and Anne herself did not bear the most unblemished character, and had seen the inside of the county jail more than once in her lifetime. But these counter-pleadings did not influence Hope; and she thought only of the suffering family, which she could help, and would, if she had the money. Then she wanted to make Grantley a present before he went away, and she did not want her father to know of it; though perhaps she would have been puzzled to explain why she wished to keep such a trivial matter secret. She had never given him any thing—not even a flower, not even a book; and he was almost the only person within her sphere so passed over; but now, when he was going to leave forever, she would give him something as a remembrance—something that would make him think of her when he was away. Poor, proud Hope, come then at last to this!

She knew that her father had money in the house when she went into the library to speak to him; for she saw him put a twenty-pound note in his desk yesterday, which was just the sum she wanted, and indeed was on the point of asking for then. She would have got it had she done so; but to-day the vane had shifted, and for the first time in his life he refused her, and so sternly and positively that, as much in surprise as anger, she gave up the point at once; but with a sullen flush of pride and determination on her face, which he did not see, sitting as he was toward the light, while she stood in the shadow.

John Rashleigh was a magistrate, and to-day was market-day at Canstow, the town near which they lived, where the magistrates always assembled in the upper room of the town-hall and dispensed law, if not justice, on the offenders. His absence gave Hope the opportunity she wanted. Very quietly and very deliberately she unlocked his desk, and took from it the twenty-pound note.

"Grantley, change this for me," she said, giving him the note.

"I can not change it myself, Miss Hope," he answered, "but I will get it done for you in Canstow; I am going over there directly."

"Change it where you like," she answered, carelessly. "I want the money as soon as you can give it to me, that is all; and Grantley, do you hear? if papa asks you, do not tell him that I gave you the note to get changed."

"Very well, I will not," said Grantley, who, suspecting nothing wrong, saw nothing odd in her request, and who, indeed, felt not a little flattered that she should have made a secret with him on any matter. So, full of pleasant feeling, he rode over to Canstow, where he changed the note and bought various things with the money, partly for Hope, according to her orders, and partly for himself; not at Hope's charge it must be understood, the squaring of accounts having to come afterward. And among other things he bought a certain camp apparatus for himself at Tell's, the ironmonger's, for which he paid with the note in question—that being the largest shop and the largest purchase.

Now it so happened that Mr. Rashleigh went to pay his bill at this same ironmonger's that day. He took a check which he had just received in the market-place from one of his tenants who owed him half a year's rent for his farm; and to save himself the trouble of going to the bank—banking hours, indeed, being over—he gave it to Tell, receiving the surplus change; among which change came his own twenty-pound note, which he recognized at once.

"Where did you get this, Tell?" he asked.

"Mr. Grantley, Sir," said Tell. "He changed it here not half an hour ago, and ordered this patent camp apparatus," showing the young man's purchase.

"Mr. Grantley Watts?" cried John Rashleigh, flushing up; "he changed this note here?"

"Yes, Sir; I hope no mistake, Sir—nothing wrong?" asked the ironmonger, a little anxiously.

"No, no, nothing! I was surprised, that was all. No, Tell, nothing wrong."

Home came John Rashleigh in a frame of mind more easily imagined than described. Things had gone crossly with him for the last few hours; and John Rashleigh was not the man to bear with the crossness of circumstance patiently.

"Grantley!" he called out as soon as he entered, and still standing in the hall; "Grantley Watts, where are you?"

"Here, Sir," said Grantley, coming out of the drawing-room, where he had been giving Hope an account of his proceedings, and emptying his pockets of her commissions.

"Where did you get that twenty-pound note you changed just now at Tell's?" shouted John Rashleigh.

Grantley was silent.

"Come, Sir, I want an answer!" cried his cousin. "Looking down and keeping a demure silence will not suit me; I want a simple answer to a straightforward question. Where did you get that twenty-pound note from?"

Grantley still made no answer; the truth was beginning to break upon him.

"I do not think any one in my household would do such a thing; two hours ago I should not have thought that *you* would have done it; and even yet, suspicious as the whole circumstance is, even yet I will accept any explanation that will clear you, else I must hold you responsible for the theft."

"I did not steal it. I have committed no theft," said Grantley, looking straight into his cousin's eyes.

"Oh! you may dislike the word, but that I do not care for," said Mr. Rashleigh, disdainfully. "If you are not a thief, what are you then? If you did not steal it, how did you get it?"

"I did not steal it," was all that Grantley could say, repeating himself monotonously.

John Rashleigh was an impatient man as well as a proud and high-tempered one. At Grantley's second asseveration he raised his hand and struck the youth across the face.

"Coward," he said, "have you not even the bad courage of crime? Dare you not confess what, by confession, would have been only a fault? If you had told me frankly how and why you had come to do such a thing, I could have understood it as a boyish liberty, and have forgiven it, but now I have only one way of dealing with it—as a crime."

When he struck him Grantley involuntarily raised his own hand; but a thought came across him, and he retreated a step or two and dropped his guard.

"It takes the remembrance of all you have done for me, Mr. Rashleigh, and more than even this, to make me able to bear your insults!" he said, excitedly, his boyish face convulsed with contending passions.

"Tell me how you came by it," he then said, in a somewhat gentler tone; "if I have done you wrong, boy, I am sorry for it, and we will not bear malice; but tell me how you got that note."

"I can not, Sir," said Grantley, his heart swelling.

"Then you will not be surprised if I send for the police? Here, Lewis. Lewis, come here! The thing must be thoroughly sifted, Grantley; and if you are guilty I am sorry for the exposure you have brought on yourself. It is your own folly to let things come to such a pass, when they can never be mended again!"

"To send for the police will not make matters much worse for me," replied Grantley; "the servants have heard all that has passed, and my character will be none the blacker now for a public charge."

"At least we shall get to the truth then," said Mr. Rashleigh; "which will be so much gained."

"No, Sir," Grantley replied, firmly, "I shall not tell you even then where I got that money from, or how I came by it!"

All this while the drawing-room door had been standing half open, with Hope close to it, listening to what was passing. A whole world of feelings had possessed her by turns—fear of her father, fear for Grantley, and shame at the false position in which her self-will and cowardice together had placed him—something, too, that was more than admiration at the constancy with which he had borne such pain and indignity that he might keep faith with her, and a kind of dawning idea that what she had done had been after all a sin and a dishonor, and that confession would degrade her forever—all these thoughts and feelings passed through her mind by turns, and held her motionless and silent; with ever the bitter recollection that Grantley was but a poor relation at the best, and that the distance between them was immeasurable, running like a sorrowful refrain to each. But when her father spoke of giving him in charge, and called to the servant, then she hesitated no longer. Throwing the door wide open she came out into the hall.

"*I* took the money, papa," she said, boldly; and as she spoke she laid her hand in Grantley's, the first time that she had ever willingly done so.

"Hope!" exclaimed her father, "are you mad? *You* took that money? *You?*"

"Yes, papa," she answered, quite steadily; "you refused to give it to me when I asked you for it yesterday, and I took it this morning. I wanted it, and you ought to have given it to me."

"If I had thought that to refuse it would have made you capable of stealing it, Hope, I would not have hesitated a moment," said the father, sternly.

"I do not call it stealing," said Hope, defiantly. "It was only taking what I had a right to. I unlocked your desk with my own key, and gave the note to Grantley to get changed."

John Rashleigh turned fiercely against the youth. "How dare you, Sir, abet my child in her folly?" he exclaimed, passionately. "What was folly in her, and excusable, considering how I have always humored her and acceded to her wishes, and remembering that after all she is a mere child still, was downright wickedness and dishonor in you. And how do I know but that you instigated her to it? How do I know but that it was your doing in reality, and she but the innocent tool of your cunning schemes? You bought a precious gimcrack for yourself, and paid for it with my money. I tell you, Grantley, the whole thing looks too black yet for your whitewashing."

"Grantley accounted to me for that camp thing," said Hope. "Do I not tell you, papa, that it was my own doing from first to last? Grantley did not know where I got the note from. I only asked him to get it cashed for me. But I asked him not to tell you that I had done so, because I was afraid you would be angry with me, and I meant to tell you when you were kind again." This she said coaxingly.

"I could not break my word to Miss Hope," said Grantley in a low voice, but firmly. "Yet I should have thought, Mr. Rashleigh, that you would have known me too well to have suspected me of such a thing as this. What Miss Hope had the right to do was another matter, but it would have been a theft in me; and men" (here Mr. Rashleigh smiled a little satirically) "do not become thieves all at once. Yet I do not think you have ever seen much want of honor in me!"

"I will not have that tone taken," said Mr. Rashleigh, harshly. "You have done ill, Grantley, and it is absurd to attempt to give yourself the airs of injured innocence, and as if you had the right to blame me because I suspected what was so entirely suspicious. And what do I know yet? I have no proof; only your own word and Hope's assertion, which, for aught I know, may be merely her generous desire to get you out of a perilous position by taking the blame on herself. I can scarcely believe her guilty. To have gone into my room in my absence—unlock my desk—take the money I had refused her only a few hours ago—to steal—I can not believe it! I will not! You have been at the bottom of it, Grantley; you have had some hand in it!"

"Now, papa, how can you go on so?" cried Hope, thoroughly frightened. "Do I not tell you that Grantley is innocent, and that I have been the only one to blame? What more can I say to convince you?"

"It is not an easy matter to convince me that my child has committed a theft," said John Rashleigh, gravely, and turning away his head.

"I did not think of it as a fault at the time, dear papa," she cried, flinging herself into his arms. "I wanted it for poor Anne Rogers, chiefly; I did not want it for myself. Forgive me, dear, dearest papa, for having been so disobedient and willful, and do not blame or accuse Grantley any more. I am the only one to blame, and he has been far nobler than I deserved." Here she burst into tears, and buried her face in her father's breast.

John Rashleigh could not resist this. Hope had never yet been unforgiven, even when she had not shown contrition, and the unusual softness of her mood to-day could meet with nothing but the most fervent response.

"Do not cry, Hope. Dry your eyes, child," he said, tenderly. "There, there! Let us have no more about it. I quite believe you, and I quite believe that you did not know you were doing any thing wrong, and that you were only thoughtless and impulsive, as usual. And as for you, boy" (to Grantley), "I am sorry that I accused you so hastily; so, shake hands, and think no more about it. You can not expect me to say more than that I am sorry," he added, pleasantly, as Grantley still hesitated. The blow on his cheek yet stung, and it was rather early days to take the hand which had struck him. "No gentleman can want more than an apology, and a father can only express his regret to a son; so shake hands, boy, and let us all forget what has been a very painful misunderstanding."

That word did what the feeling had failed to do. Grantley grasped his cousin's hand warmly; he had conquered all his boyish pride and manly indignation by the simple name of father.

"I have made you suffer, Grantley," said Hope, as her father left them; and again she laid her hand in his.

"I would have borne more than this for your sake, Miss Hope," he answered, pressing her hand between both of his, and looking at her lovingly—she not haughty and disdainful as usual, but downcast, bashful, and repentant.

"I do not know what we shall do without you, Grantley," she then said, very gently; and as she spoke she turned pale, and he felt her hand trembling in his.

"Oh! you will soon forget me. I have so often displeased you, you will be glad to get rid of me," Grantley answered.

"I do not think we shall," said Hope, in a low voice. And then there was a moment's silence.

All this time they were standing with their hands clasped in each other's in the hall which had just been so noisy and heated with the late storm passing through.

"You have not displeased me; it is I who have been ill-tempered," Hope continued, in a still lower voice, still softer and richer in its tones. "I ought to ask you for forgiveness, Grantley, before you go, for I have often behaved so badly to you."

"You must not do that," he exclaimed, hastily, and his eyes filled up with tears. "I could not bear that, Miss Hope. I can not bear to hear you even blame yourself for any thing."

"Grantley!" she said; and then she stopped and said no more.

Still with her hand in his, still looking down on her as she stood with bent head and lowered eyelids before him, he drew just a shade nearer to her.

"You spoke?" he asked.

She laid her other hand on his arm.

"I am much obliged to you for all that you have done for me these many years," she said, almost in a whisper.

The words were formal, but the voice and tone were not; the downcast eyes, the parted lips, the cheeks now crimsoning and now paling, the heaving breast, the pride swept away beneath the swell of this unusual tenderness and girlish gratitude, all told of something deeper and warmer stirring in that impetuous heart than what those quaint, formal words expressed.

"Do not say that you are obliged to me for any thing, dear Miss Hope," said Grantley, himself scarcely able to speak; "it has been honor enough to me to be allowed to serve you."

"No one has ever done so much for me," she said.

"Because no one ever—" He stopped in his turn, and said no more; then, after a pause, he went on: "I have done nothing for you unwillingly, Miss Hope. If you had asked me at any time to give you my life, I would have done it as freely as I would have given you a flower. I have had but one object—that of serving and obeying you; and I have had but one desire—that of pleasing you. I have done the first the best way I could, if I have failed in the last sadly. But I want you to remember me when I am in India," he went on to say, "and to remember me with as little dislike as you can; and I am so glad of to-day, for the last thing you will have to remember of me will be my faith to you."

The tears were swelling in her eyes, as in his.

"I shall never forget to-day," she said, gently, "nor how good you have always been to me, dear Grantley."

"I am glad you can say that, dear Miss Hope. I am glad I am going to India too, though I shall never see you again; for if I staid in England I should only fall out of favor again, and then I should have the pain of seeing you hate me more than ever, perhaps."

By this time the tears were running down her face.

"I have never disliked you, Grantley," she said; "I have pretended to do so, but it was mere pretense; and I have tried, but I could not. I like you better than you like me, Grantley—a great deal."

"Hope!"

What was it? What happened? What madness took him? Neither of them ever knew, boy and girl as they were; but Hope found herself clasped to his heart, with her arm round his neck, and their flushed, wet, youthful faces laid against each other.

But they were not in smooth water yet, and had something more formidable before them than even their own misunderstanding and childish blindness had been. Though John Rashleigh might forgive a girlish freedom like that of which Hope had been guilty, it was by no means certain that he would forgive this far graver sin. The light of his eyes and the pride of his heart, she for whom lords and princes would not have been too good, to give herself away at sixteen to a poor relation! Hope knew all the trial to be passed through. It must be met, however, and that at once, unless she and Grantley would undertake a clandestine correspondence—for which the one was too proud and the other too honest; or unless they would give up each other—which neither would hear of. What she anticipated came to pass, in even exaggerated form. The father was furious; violent beyond any thing she had dreamed possible; but, girl as she was, she was firm, and Grantley would not yield her so long as she would hold to him.

Then came that terrible collision of two wills equal in strength, and the battle of love and pride which tears a man's very soul. Look which way he would, there was no comfort for John Rashleigh; and refusal or consent was equally madness and despair. But he must decide. The proud man had to balance with the father; and eventually the father won the day. Yet he would not consent to the marriage for many years even after they had come to riper age than what is generally held ripe enough; and when he did—when Grantley came back from India with a character and repute of his own, and his cousin found that both poor relation and daughter had not swerved a hair's-breadth from their young loves, and were minded to marry without his consent if it could not be with—even then, when forced to yield, Grantley found his roses decidedly not without thorns. His sweetness of temper though conquered before the end came; and when John Rashleigh was dying he confessed that Grantley had been the best son, and the dearest, father ever had; and that now, when the things of this world were slipping away from him and he was beginning to learn their emptiness, he was glad that Hope had married one who, by his better influence, had made her a nobler and a gentler woman.

"But you were a thief after all, my boy, and stole a greater treasure than a paltry bank-note," he said, lovingly, not an hour before he died.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE PRUSSIAN WARM BATH.—A horrid Cockney, with reference to the murder of poor Ott, said a very shocking thing; only there is some truth in the remark that he meant for a pun. The wretch observed that the affair of Ott was likely to get Bismarck's master into 'ot water!

"MENTAL ABSTRACTION."—Stealing the ideas of others and fancying them your own.

THE LAST NEW THING IN HATS.—An impecunious friend of ours says he wants a new hat "like old boots." We have heard of an animal that had a foot like a warming-pan, and a body like the keel of a ship, but a chapeau resembling an antiquated pair of boots is scarcely to be imagined.

Which are the two hottest letters of the alphabet?—K N.

THE WORST DILEMMA FOR THE SPIRITUALISTS.—Buffalo Horns. (*Don't you understand, stoopid? The Buffalo Law Court has declared them Jugglers, and liable to the Juggler-Tax!*)

NOT A DOUBT OF IT.—We often hear people debating on the origin of Croquet, and wondering by whom and where the game was first introduced. As to the locality we have no means of forming an accurate idea, but we think the frogs were certainly among the first to croak—eh?

SPIRITUAL FACTS.

That whisky is the key by which many gain an entrance into our prisons and alms-houses.

That brandy brands the nose of all those who can not govern their appetites.

That wine causes many to take a winding way home.

That punch is the cause of many unfriendly punches.

That ale causes many ailings; while beer brings many to the bier.

That Champagne is the cause of many real pains.

That gin-slings have "slewed" more than the slings of old.

A lad, on delivering his milk a few mornings ago, was asked why the milk was so warm. "I don't know," he replied, with much simplicity, "unless they put warm water into it instead of cold."

THE WILTSHIRE DIALECT.—The following dialogue actually took place, a short time since, between a visiting examiner and a pupil at a school near Salisbury:

"Now, then, the first boy of the grammar class."

FIRST BOY. "Here I be, Zir."

EXAMINER. "Well, my good boy, can you tell me what vowels are?"

FIRST BOY. "Vowls, Zir? ees, of course I can."

EXAMINER. "Tell me, then, what are vowels?"

FIRST BOY. "Vowls, Zir! why, *vowls be chickens!*"

A man courting a young woman was interrogated by her father as to his occupation. "I am a paper-hanger upon a large scale," he replied. He married the girl, and turned out to be a bill-sticker.

POOR FELLOW!—An acquaintance who has been eating and drinking any how for some years is reduced to such a state that the coats of his stomach are all out at the elbows.

What railway engines, if they could only speak as well as whistle, would most probably say, in the event of a collision, "Now, then, Stupid, where are you a-shoving to?"

Why is cutting off an elephant's head widely different from cutting off any other head?—Because when you separate the head from the body you don't take it from the trunk.

NEW DEFINITION.—The man who carries every thing before him—The waiter.

"Tim, does your mother ever whip you?" "No; but she does a precious sight worse, though." "What's that?" "Why, she washes my face every morning."

AWFUL!—The following startling threat was made use of the other day by an excited pugilist: "I'll twist you round your own neck, and ram you down your own throat, until there is nothing left of you but the extreme ends of your shirt-collar sticking out of your eyes." His opponent left.

Do professors of logic usually give lectures on their own premises?

QUITE RIGHT.—A sentimental young lady having asked a gentleman why he did not secure some fond one's company across the ocean of life, replied that he would do so, were he certain that said ocean would be *Pacific*.

Don't board at a house where they give you only cold victuals. It isn't thought healthy to be upon a cooling board.

A negro preacher once observed to his hearers at the close of his sermon as follows: "My obstinacious bredren, I find it no more use to preach to you dan it is for a grass-hopper to wear knee-buckles."

A NEW NAME FOR TOOTH-ACHE.—*Grinderpest.*

"As we two are one," said a witty brute to his wife, "when I beat you, I beat half of myself." "Well," said the wife, "then beat your own half, not mine."

Why are suicides the most successful people in the world?—Because they always accomplish their *own ends*.

Don't be a miner if you can be any thing else. There will be time enough to stay underground after you are dead.

EPITAPH ON A BORE.—"He was not *for* a Time, but *for* All Day."

At a trial recently the jury returned the following verdict: "Guilty, with some little doubt as to whether he is the man."

It has been decided lately that a boy found on a man's door-step may not necessarily be his step-son.

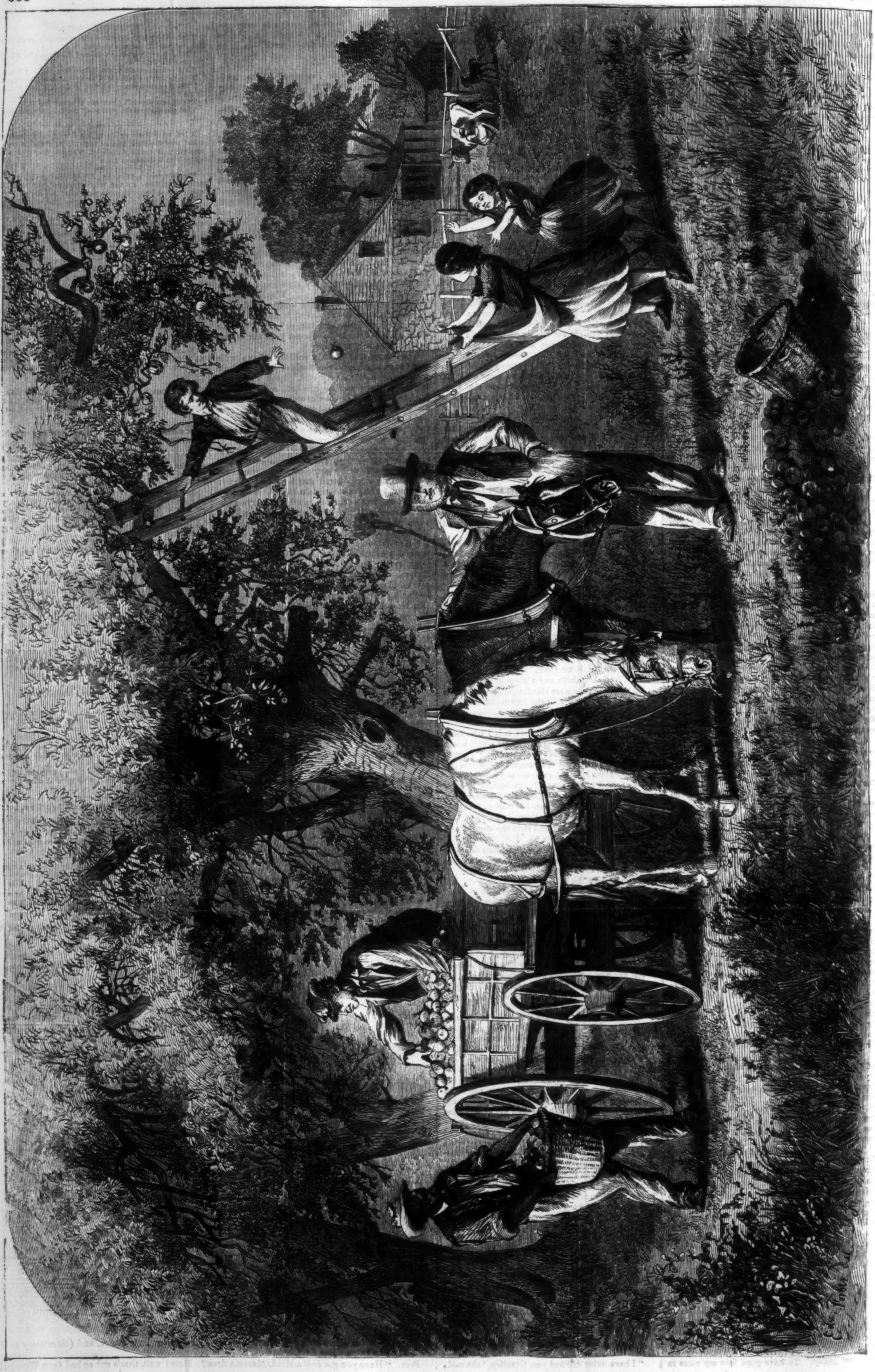
Why is the punishment of the birch practiced by some pedagogues?—Because they are of opinion that it makes dull boys *smart*.

From what tree was mother Eve prompted to pick the apple?—Devil-tree.

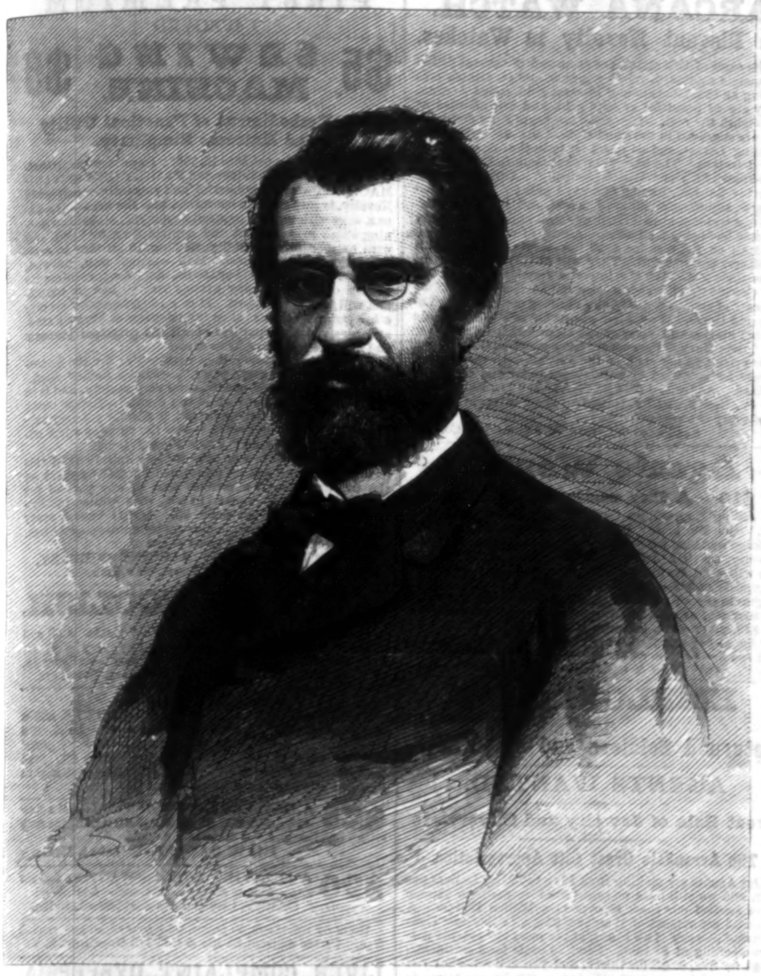
THE CHILD IS FATHER TO THE MAN.

MAMMA. "You're a very bad Boy, indeed, for hitting your little Sister, and (*threatening to box his ears*) I've half a Mind—"

BOY. "Have you got *half* a Mind, Mamma dear? Hem! well, that's not so bad for a Woman!"



GATHERING APPLES.—[Drawn by Mr. E. Forbes.]



A. OAKEY HALL, ESQ.—Photographed by Fredericks & Co.—[See Page 661.]

MAJOR-GENERAL FRANCIS BARLOW.—Photographed by Brady.—[See No. 458, Page 628.]

JOHN BUNYAN RECITING THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS TO HIS FRIENDS IN BEDFORD JAIL.—From a Painting by G. F. Folingsby.—[See Page 670.]

"JOHN BUNYAN RECITING 'THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.'"

The character and circumstances of John Bunyan alike marked him out for persecution in a controversial and intolerant age. Even in 1637, in the best days of Oliver Cromwell, he was indicted at the Assizes for preaching at Eaton. The Presbyterian ministers who were then in possession of the Churchmen's livings could not endure that an "illiterate tinker and an unordained Baptist minister" should be suffered to preach. The ignorant and malicious were stirred up to circulate rumors that he was a "witch, a Jesuit, and a highwayman!" After the Restoration it is, of course, not surprising that he should have been one of the first persons punished for nonconformity. A warrant was issued against Bunyan as if he had been a dangerous person, the head and front of his offending being that he went about preaching, because he was known to be hostile to the restored Church, and especially to the prescribed Liturgy of that Church; and probably it might be remembered that he had served in the Parliamentary army. Accordingly, he was arrested at a meeting in a private house, and committed to Bedford Jail by the Justice before whom he was brought. At the ensuing sessions he was indicted as a person who "devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to church to hear divine service, and who was a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom." The sentence which followed upon Bunyan resolutely refusing to retract or give any promise not to preach is equally characteristic of the time: Then said the magistrate, "Hear my judgment! You must be had back again to prison, and there lie for three months following: and at three months' end, if you do not submit to go to church to hear divine service, and leave your preaching, you must be banished the realm. And if, after such a day as shall be appointed you to be gone, you shall be found in this realm, or be found to come over again without special license from the king, you must stretch by the neck for it. I tell you plainly."

These threats were certainly not executed to the full; but simply for conscience' sake, and in the cause of religious liberty, John Bunyan endured an imprisonment of twelve years in Bedford Jail, and even risked his life. During part of this long period the strictness of his confinement was, however, much relaxed. Like Joseph in Egypt, he found a friend in "the keeper of the prison," the jailer allowing him to be almost like a prisoner at large, and his family and friends to visit him. He attended the meetings of the congregation to which he belonged, and on one occasion went to see "the Christians in London." This, however, brought on the jailer a severe reproof, and thenceforward for seven years Bunyan was closely confined. Out of evil came good, however. To this imprisonment we doubtless owe "The Pilgrim's Progress"—a book probably more widely read than any other, save the Bible; for not only is it read wherever the English language is spoken, but it has been translated, to suit Roman Catholic as well as Protestant readers, into every language of Europe. Had Bunyan always enjoyed liberty it is probable, from all we know of his character, that he would have been too actively employed to compose "The Pilgrim's Progress," or, at all events, to work out so perfectly all the details of that wonderful allegory.

Of the picture engraved little further need be said by way of illustration—the artist tells his story so well. Bunyan is reciting with characteristic fervor some scene of the "Progress"—let us suppose it to be the story of Christian and Faithful imprisoned by the people of Vanity Fair—which scene he has just composed on the desk to his right, under which lies a huge book—either the Bible or the "Book of Martyrs," his constant companions. His listeners are two Bedford friends and the good jailer, standing with his keys at his side; while, nestling under Bunyan's arm, is the poor little blind daughter who was long a daily companion of his captivity. The picture has great artistic merit, particularly as regards drawing and character, and is the work of a young artist studying at Munich.

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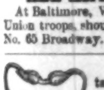

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